

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA WAS THE REWARD NOT SO MUCH OF UNUSUAL INTELLIGENCE OR FORESIGHT AS OF THE COURAGEOUS PERSISTENCE THAT IS THE BACKBONE OF EVERY GREAT VENTURE...THERE WERE OTHER NAVIGATORS AS EXPERIENCED AS COLUMBUS·OTHER MEN WHO SAW AS SPLENDID A VISION: IT WAS HE WHO GAVE US A NEW WORLD



"TO THE QUEEN'S TASTE"

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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## A WHITE CHRISTMAS

By Alice Margaret Ashton

CHRISTMAS at the old Gregor homestead was filled with all the magic of that peerless holiday. I know now that the reason was principally the love with which we prepared our gifts and also our own unspoiled capacity for joy.

Our gifts would look strange enough to the ordinary boy or girl of today. There were always the necessary things like new boots, caps and warm suits, books that we should need at the next term of school and also a game or a fancy cup or some like gift "bought at the store." But the crowning delight was the early morning call "to the other side of the house," where Great-Grandmother Gregor shared her cozy fire-side with her big gray cat. The multiplicity of grandmothers in the house was what started our habit of designating our more youthful grandparent as "Grandma Katie."

There were always special delight and mystery surrounding Grandma Gregor's Christmas offering. For weeks her flashing needles had been busy contriving socks and scarfs, wristlets and mittens of wonderful home-dyed colors and stitchery. There was always a huge plate for each of us piled high with fancy maple cakes, molasses candy, stems of raisins, nuts, astonishing cooky men and animals and all sorts of twisted and braided and sugared fried cakes. The dear lady's Christmas shopping never extended beyond her own storeroom and pantry. Yet even Lavina, the only girl in our household, condescended from the superiority of her five years seniority and town schooling to enjoy thoroughly Grandma Gregor's Christmas gifts.

Strangely enough, the Christmas that Fred and I cherish with the fondest memories is the one when we received the least in a material way. About a week before that Christmas Grandfather Gregor, who had just returned from an errand at the Center and was warming his woolen-stockinged feet on the hearth of the old open-grate stove in the sitting room, announced:

"I've bought three cows."

"Now, my senses, then, how much did they cost?" demanded Grandma Katie in anxious astonishment. "I can't see what you are thinking of, Silas, to put what little ready money you've got into three cows, especially at this time of year!"

Grandfather smiled as if he enjoyed the excited interest that his announcement had

produced. "They're extra nice cattle, pure-bred shorthorns brought over from Canada two years ago when they were yearlings. They are on an island about a mile out in the big bay; man by the name of Morgan owns them. It's good sound crossing now, and I calculate to go out there some time this week and look 'em over. If they are worth the fifty dollars apiece the man asks, I'll bring them back with me. Money is a mite short, Katie, but I figure we'll manage somehow, and these cows will make a fine start in dairying for the boys here."

"I've heard of that man Morgan," said grandma in a tone that plainly showed she was still unconvinced of grandfather's wisdom. "He is said to be a hard man and none too trustworthy in a deal. If I wanted to give fifty dollars for a cow, I'd plan to buy it of some one besides a man like Morgan."

"I reckon I'm equal to a deal with Morgan," grandfather replied serenely. "I am going out and look 'em over anyway."

Fred and I were much excited over the prospect of three fine new cows, and we listened with keen interest to all grandfather's plans. Our farm was about twenty miles from the nearest shore of Lake Ontario. We boys had never been to the island that grandfather had mentioned, but we had often heard of it and knew that it was a mile out in the bay and had only one farm, of about one hundred and fifty acres. We had heard also of the man Morgan, who lived there and, as Grandma Katie had reminded us, never anything good. Grandfather planned to drive out one day, reach his



The lad cast a frightened look about the stable

destination early enough to examine the cows by daylight, spend the night on the island and get an early start for home in the morning. The return trip, since he would have to drive the cattle, would necessarily be slower. Uncle Frank would go with him to help get the cows home.

"They must be dandy cows to be worth fifty dollars apiece," Fred said as we were doing the chores that evening.

"They'll be glad to get here if all we hear about that Morgan is true," I remember answering.

"I'll bet he doesn't fool gramp any on a cow," Fred observed proudly. "Folks are always coming to him for advice about cattle. And he has judged at the fair ever since they have had one, I guess."

The thought comforted me, for Grandma Katie's words had raised a doubt in my mind. And when, three days before Christmas, grandpa announced that he would wait for Uncle Frank no longer but would start early the next morning and take me with him my delight was unbounded.

"I don't dare risk putting it off any longer," he explained at supper. "We are all ready, and the roads couldn't be better—nice snow track that the cows will follow and not too deep to turn out handy. We'll be back early Christmas Eve. I take it those cows will make a pretty fine Christmas present for a couple of young farmers like our boys here."

"If you do get back all right and the cows prove to be all right!" said grandma. "I declare, Silas, I do not half like having you go to that island, let alone taking young Si with you."

I was too much excited to listen while grandpa tried to reassure her. When supper was over I hurried to the barn to make all the preparations possible for an early start and then sought my bed.

We set out early the following morning.

Our team,—old Dan and Lucy,—though they were

no longer young, were strong and hearty. We stopped along the way for dinner and a little visit at the house of an old friend of grandfather's. And when we reached the shore of the big bay there was yet an hour of sunlight left.

The scene before us looked strange to my hillbred eyes. The frozen surface of the big bay stretched level and unbroken to a low shore toward the north. Beyond the southernly gap the unfrozen waters of Lake Ontario flashed icily in the red sunlight. Perhaps a mile from the shore lay the island, low, bare of timber and with only a huddle of unpainted, neglected buildings. Accustomed as I was to our companionable and beautifully wooded hills, the scene looked to me unspeakably lonely and desolate.

A well-worn track led across the ice to the farm buildings. A man whom grandfather addressed as Mr. Morgan met us at the gate and directed us to the barn where the horses were to be stabled. Mr. Morgan did not look to me like a hard man. He had a low, smooth way of speaking that I found fascinating. As I followed the men and horses into the barn I saw a boy somewhat smaller than myself dumping root vegetables into a deep box and chopping them with a spade. I was delighted at finding a boy in that lonely place and judged that he must be even more overjoyed at seeing me.

But he did not glance up as I approached him, and Morgan, who had paused in the doorway, looked back and called shortly, "Work sharp there. There's plenty to do before bedtime."

The boy emptied the chopped roots into a basket without replying and staggered away with the heavy load into another part of the barn.

"Come outside, Si, and Mr. Morgan will lead out the cows for us to look over," grandfather said to me. I knew by his voice that he had seen the boy, and that he too felt sorry for him.

But at that moment our sympathy was quickly swallowed up by delight as the man came out leading such a cow as I had never before seen. Straight and broad of back she was with a beautiful satin-smooth red coat and a fine, intelligent face. With unfeigned delight grandfather went over her point by point. I knew enough about cows to realize that she was almost perfect and was well worth even the fifty dollars asked for her, which was a big price for those days. Rose was led back; her sale was assured.

DRAWINGS BY  
HANNON ROOTH

It grew indeed noticeably worse

The second cow led out did not then or ever look so beautiful to me, but her ability to fill a pail with foaming milk surpassed even that of Rose. Roany, except for her mottled hide, was every bit as good as Rose. Grandfather's eyes followed her as Morgan led her away.

The sun had dropped below the horizon when Morgan came leading the third cow. "Better step inside out of the cold, Mr. Gregor," he suggested. "You can see just as well in here out of that biting wind. This cow is every whit as good as the others." He explained points of pedigree that I did not understand.

The third cow seemed more nervous than the others; yet when grandfather firmly and kindly felt her over she submitted quietly. I think she was the most beautifully marked animal of her kind that I have ever seen. The markings, which were of red and white, were large and distinct and as even as if they had been drawn to measurement.

"What's her name?" I inquired suddenly as grandpa straightened up from his examination with a grunt of satisfaction.

"M—Mary." Perhaps I merely imagined that Morgan stammered over the name.

"And now," he said briskly, handing Mary's halter to a man who had just come out of the stables, "let's go in and have some supper. You must be both cold and hungry after your long ride."

The kitchen into which he led us was old and scantily furnished, but the supper was delicious and bountiful. Besides Morgan and ourselves there were only Mrs. Morgan, a small timid-looking woman, the man, whose name was Fritz and who ate wolfishly the greatest amount of food I had ever seen any human being consume at one meal, and the little boy, Jack, who seldom if ever spoke.

After supper Fritz started back to the barn, and to my disappointment Jack prepared to accompany him. Grandfather and I remained beside the fire and listened to Morgan's smooth voice as he talked on and on of his various enterprises and of the wonderful productiveness of his island farm, which he worked with what little assistance he could get from his wife, the man Fritz and "the little shaver, who of course don't earn his salt as yet."

I began to take a strong dislike to Morgan. If he were earning much money, there was small enough evidence of it in his household. But I saw that grandfather was interested, especially in some superior wheat seed that the man professed to have developed.

When the clock struck eight grandpa got up with the announcement that he would go out and have a look at his team before he "turned in."

"We'll be starting early in the morning," Morgan agreed. "I have to make a trip tomorrow down the river way and intend to take Fritz with me. We can all go together as far as the corners and help get the cattle started from home."

It seemed like a good plan, for I had been dreading the start over that level and unfenced stretch between the island and the mainland. Starting cows away from home is not any too easy even with road fences to help keep them within bounds.

The horses were well cared for. And while grandpa and Mr. Morgan were examining seed wheat in the granary I slipped through to the big barn, where I saw the dim light of a lantern. Fritz and the boy Jack were husking corn into a big box set on the floor before them.

"Come, move faster'n that," growled Fritz threateningly. "The boss'll see to it that box is full, and ye needn't think I'm going to do it alone!"

I did not wait to hear any more but went back to where grandfather was helping measure wheat into three bags hooked open at the side of the bin.

"That's certainly the finest wheat I ever saw," he confided to me when we had gone to our room. "Plump and firm and sweet. I don't know what your grandma will say when I get home with my load! But I can't help it!" he added, much as Fred or I might have excused ourselves for some misconduct.

"Our wheat seed is certainly running out. With any kind of season we'll make a good thing on that new seed. It is only that money is so terrible short this year."

"Grandpa," I said, "Mr. Morgan may have the finest cows and the finest wheat in the country, but I don't like him. And I'm awfully sorry for that boy Jack. I should think his mother would stand up for him more."

"He does look kind of miserable," grandpa admitted. "Maybe he isn't Morgan's own boy." And he shook his head ruefully.

As I crept into bed beside grandfather I heard the men come in from the barn. I wondered whether Jack's day's work was done and where he slept. A rising wind swept in through the gap from the big lake and moaned round the old house. I thought of the kitchen chamber at home, with Fred sleeping alone in our comfortable bed, and for the first time I felt dimly a sense of what the old home place meant to us parentless boys.

Long before daylight we were astir. Mrs. Morgan served us with breakfast; she said that the others had already eaten.

When we reached the barn Jack was already helping Morgan hitch a fine, high-mettled black horse to a cutter. I brought out our own team, and grandpa placed the three sacks of wheat and our robes and blankets in the back of our long, green sleigh.

"Fritz has gone on with the cows," explained Morgan, who seemed to be in a great hurry to get started. "I'll drive ahead so as to help him if need be. We'll wait for you at the corners. You, Jack," he added to the boy, "get some salt down to those sheep and see that you are back here by daylight. I've laid out the corn for you to do, and I expect it done when I get back."

The boy instantly picked up a heavy bucket of salt. With a clatter of hoofs Morgan was down over the rocky shore and on the ice.

"I'll run ahead and get warm," I called to grandpa, for the sharp chill in the wind had set me to shivering.

Grandpa paused in the darkness of the barn to arrange his muffler before he followed.

When we reached the corners day was breaking. The others were waiting, and the cows were standing tranquilly a rod down the road that we were to take. Grandfather drew his big wallet from an inner pocket and carefully counted out the bills. Morgan accepted them with the polite hope that grandfather would find everything all that



she hobbled pitifully, and even in the biting wind her shoulders grew moist with sweat. Whenever I went near her she threw up her head nervously as if she expected a blow.

As we approached a place in the road sheltered by close-growing cedars grandpa called for me to halt. "Your turn to ride," he said; we had already changed about several times. Then he went over and carefully examined the shoulder of the lame cow. "No slip ever did that, Si," he volunteered at last. "That fellow worked off a blemished cow on me. There's an enlargement here, where she is deformed or has been injured sometime. Your grandma was right, as she usually is. I wasn't smart enough to deal with such a man as Morgan!"

"We'll go back," I cried indignantly. "We'll make him take her back. No wonder he was in such a hurry to get away before we discovered it!"

But grandfather shook his head. "It is my own fault, Si. I didn't examine this one as I should. I was so pleased with the other two, I guess, that I got careless, and that never pays when you're dealing with a man of Morgan's stamp. I let him fool me, and there's nothing to do as I can see except get home with my cow if I can."

We had the greater part of the day before us and perhaps seventeen miles of our journey to go. "It seems cruel to urge her to travel," I observed.

"Perhaps not so cruel as taking her back to the island," grandpa suggested. The thought sustained me during that tedious journey.

When we allowed her to go very slowly the cow did not seem to suffer greatly from her lameness. But as we crept along that endless snowy road I could see that the halting journey was killing all grandfather's joy in his new purchases.

Toward dusk the storm, which had been gathering all day under the urging of the fitful wind, broke thickly about us. We still had about three miles to travel if we kept on through the Center.

"Now is the time for real effort," grandpa said to me. "We'll try the Janes Hill road, since it cuts off nearly a mile and ought to be more sheltered than the turnpike. That would not be wise several hours later, but now at the beginning of the storm the track ought to be open and fairly good. You drive ahead, for old Dan and Lucy will keep to the track if you give them a free rein. Fetch those halters and the long rope from the sleigh quick as you can."

Evidently the cows were unaccustomed to being led; but they were tired and discouraged, and we had little trouble in getting on their halters. By means of the long rope we made everything fast to the sleigh; grandfather held the end and followed to see that all was well.

Woods sheltered the hill road almost to its end. But when we turned into the turnpike with less than half a mile yet to go we got the full sweep of the storm. There was such a smother of snow and wind that no one at home noticed our arrival until we walked into the kitchen after we had made our animals comfortable in their own stable.

"Here's grandpa and Si!" Fred shouted.

"My, I'm glad you're safe home!" cried Grandma Katie, hurrying from the sitting room. "But where's your bundles, Silas? Don't tell me you forgot to stop at the Center—and this Christmas Eve!"

"We didn't come through the Center, Katie," grandpa answered soberly. "We took to the hill road to keep out of the storm. I never thought about its being Christmas Eve."

"Now that's too bad, I do declare. Christmas doesn't seem right without something extra—" And she looked uncertainly at Fred and me.

"You needn't worry about us, grandma," I assured her. "Fred and I are not babies any more. Grandpa hasn't had an easy day getting here with the cows."

"Oh, then you bought the cows?" she asked quickly. "Of course that is what you went for, but I couldn't help hoping you might not get them after all."

Great-Grandmother Gregor shared her cozy fireside with her big gray cat



he expected. Then with a flourish of his whip he and his man were away up the road leading toward the river.

I started the cows, and grandpa drove up behind. "Don't hurry them," he cautioned me. "It's a long drive for cattle at this time of year. Better do the hurrying toward the end of our journey."

Everything went well for possibly an hour. Then just as we were prepared to quicken our pace a little red and white cow changed from what seemed to be a slight hitch in her gait to a lameness that set her limping sadly.

"Must have stepped on ice and slipped," grandpa decided. "We'll go easy a bit further, and maybe it will wear off."

But the lameness did not wear off. With every mile we traveled it grew indeed noticeably worse. She seemed to realize that she ought to keep up with the others, but

"Yes, I got the cows, three of them at a straight fifty dollars a piece. And that Morgan got the better of me, just as you said he would. And that isn't all, for I gave him a dollar and a half a bushel for six bushels of seed wheat into the bargain." And grandpa seized a lighted lantern and stalked out of the kitchen.

Grandma Katie sank upon the edge of the old lounge that stood conveniently near. "Now, my senses, then, what does that come to, once and a half times six?" she demanded bewilderedly. "Nine dollars! And a hundred and fifty! And taxes coming on and nothing to sell off!"

"What's the matter with the cows, Si?" she asked presently.

"They are perfect beauties, and I guess they are all right, but—one—is lame," I admitted reluctantly. "That is why we've had such a time getting home. But don't you say anything; I guess grandpa feels bad enough."

"Land sakes, of course he does," she agreed. "There's a good hot supper all ready for you when he comes in. And now I'm going out to see those cattle."

Quick as a flash she slipped out of her house shoes and into a pair of grandfather's boots that stood handy, pinned a warm woolen shawl over her head and gathered her skirts securely in her two hands. Our barns and house were connected by a long shed used for storing tools and wood. Grandpa never said a word as we trooped into the stable.

When Grandma Katie caught sight of the cows she gave a cry of delight. "Why, Silas, I don't blame you a mite for buying them!" she said. "Now let's see that wonderful seed wheat, and then you walk straight in and eat your hot supper!"

With a laugh she began pulling away the snow-burdened robes and blankets from the back of the sleigh, where the wheat was piled. But an instant later she started back with a cry of alarm that brought us all to her side in an instant. From the conglomeration of robes, snow, straw and wheat bags there emerged stiffly a thin little boy whose wretched garments disclosed arms and knees purple with cold.

"Jack!" I cried incredulously.

The lad cast a frightened look about the stable. "Don't keep me!" he pleaded. "I'll go right on. I'd rather die than go back there!"

"I guess likely you would," grandpa answered. "Whose boy are you, Morgan's?"

"I'm just Jack," the boy admitted miserably. "Morgan took me out of a home to work for my board. He'll be here as soon as he misses me. I've got to go on, sir."

I had never beheld such misery and fear in anyone's eyes.

"Morgan will never come here after the trick he has played me," said grandpa firmly. "And if he did, he could never get you back against my testimony. See, can't you trust me, Jack?" He sat down and held out his hand.

Jack drew near and looked at grandfather. "You were good to Limpy," he said softly. "You never once beat her 'cause she couldn't keep up. Limpy wouldn't be lame if Morgan hadn't got mad at her once when she was a yearling. And she is a good cow now if she isn't dogged and hurried and thumped round."

"Don't you worry any more, any of you," put in Grandma Katie. "Supper is ready, and we are all here safe out of the storm. Isn't it Christmas Eve with peace on all the earth? You needn't be scared about anybody's taking you away, sonny," and she put her arm round Jack's thin shoulders. "And I guess you needn't worry about fifty dollars for a cow, Silas, if she is lame, when there's a nice smart boy thrown in!"

As soon as our belated supper was over we youngsters had to go to bed. But first Fred and I slipped away through the dark, icy hall that led to Grandma Gregor's rooms "in the other part of the house."

"Land o' Goshen!" scolded the old lady, slamming shut her pantry door when she saw us. "What do you young ones mean by slipping in like this on a body on Christmas Eve?"

"We wanted you to know about Jack," we said to her. "We want Jack to have the most."

"You scoot right along," ordered the old lady when she had listened to our excited story. "I guess that one more boy can't floor me!"

We even managed a private word with Grandma Katie before we trooped up to the cozy kitchen chamber. Jack was duly installed in the comfortable extra bed that the

big room afforded—where he was to spend many other happy nights.

To our ears came muffled sounds of wind buffeting the staunch old gables and the swish of snow across the tiny panes of our windows.

"Suppose my new boots will be too big for Jack?" I whispered under the covers. "Guess any kind of decent boots will look good to him."

## The EDGE of RAVEN POOL

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

### Chapter Ten. What the hurricane found



THE girls flung themselves at Ralph. "Where? What?" they cried. "You can't possibly mean—" stammered Miss Spencer. "Yes, I do!" he shouted. "And if you don't believe me, come and see for yourselves! Come right now!"

Without hats to protect them from the blazing afternoon sun they rushed after him as he charged down the steps and followed him through the broiling pastures, past the negro quarters, where the colored folks stood in their doorways and stared after them in open-mouthed amazement, into the tangle of hanging vines and underbrush and so to the very edge of Raven Pool. There the sun scarcely penetrated, so thick were the tangled vines, the Spanish moss and the great arching branches of the ancient live oak at one side. Against that tree they beheld a long ladder, and up it Ralph immediately scrambled.

"If you want to see it, you've got to climb up here!" he called.

Miss Spencer and Antoinette hesitated below, but Theo lost not a moment in clambering after him. At the top of the ladder, where the three great branches sprang from the main trunk, he pointed down, and Theo, clinging to some tough young stems, bent and looked in.

"Why, it's hollow in there!" she gasped in astonishment. "A great hollow all down through the tree! But I can't see anything; it's too dark."

"This'll help you!" replied Ralph, pulling a small flashlight from his pocket. When he turned the blaze down into the tree Theo could see the whole interior of the great hollow and far at the bottom the outlines of what looked like a wooden, iron-banded chest.

"There it is! There it is! There it is!" shouted Theo, dancing up and down on the bough in her excitement. "Come down! I want to go up and see!" shouted Antoinette, and Theo obeyed.

Miss Spencer firmly declined to ascend the ladder even for the benefit of so wonderful a sight. "Tell me what you see!" she ordered. "I shall have to be content with that. I couldn't go up that ladder if a million dollars depended on it."

They all came to earth then literally and figuratively and told her of the iron-bound old box that they could see at the bottom of the hollow. Her eyes glowed with excitement.

"That's it without a doubt!" she interrupted them suddenly. "That must be the very box! It was an old, nail-studded sea chest that once belonged to my grandfather. We tried to think, Alan and I, on the day he went for the gold what would be the best container for it. I had no leather bag large enough, but that old sea chest from the attic seemed just the thing and not too heavy for him to carry. Did it have an iron handle on the top?"

"Yes, yes!" they all cried. "It had!" "Then it is the same. But now the question is, how are we going to get at it? Do you think it could be drawn up with a rope?"

"It would never stand that," declared Ralph. "The box is all rotting away."

"Bet my suit fits him good," Fred observed with satisfaction.

About us in the warm darkness a magical peace seemed gathering—a peace magical enough to make up for the lack of gifts "bought at the store," great enough to include the little waif in our extra bed. And, though we had never heard of such a thing, I think it may truthfully be said that we were experiencing our first "white Christmas."

Before I came for you folks I poked at it with a long stick, and one corner of it fell apart. It would never hold together to be pulled up. I've been thinking how to get it myself, and the only way I can think of is for us to chop a hole near the bottom of the tree and reach in for it. It'll be a long job but the best way in the long run."

"Then go get an axe and call Uncle Neb to help us, and we'll begin the work at once!" commanded Miss Spencer.

While Ralph hurried off to do the errand the three sat and marvelled at the cleverness of the young fellow and wondered how he had ever traced the treasure to the tree.

good deal to her. Then when Uncle Neb said that during one of the past hurricanes she was found out here, pinned down by a fallen branch under this tree, I made up my mind that what she wanted to do the day of our hurricane was to get out here again to the pool, only she never had a chance to get so far; the wind caught her. Now why was she so possessed to get here, especially when there was danger of a big blow? I couldn't think of any reason except that she was worried about something. Why not about this very treasure? And then I said to myself, 'But why should she be worried about it, especially at such a time—worried enough to risk her life to come out here? Can it possibly be because she's afraid something might happen to it?'

"Working on that theory, I spent a couple of days prowling around the spot, but there was nothing at all to attract my attention except that tree. Then I noticed that it was dead on one side. And suddenly it occurred to me that possibly, just possibly, it was hollow or partly hollow. If it were hollow, it might make a good hiding place. And if it were Marm Debbie's hiding place, no doubt she would be worried about a half-dead tree, especially during a terrible hurricane when so many are blown down and uprooted. If this tree blew down, the fat would be in the fire! So I figured that perhaps that was why she always ran out during a big blow. And to prove my point I got up here this afternoon and cut away that growth of young boughs and twigs, and—you know the rest."



"If you want to see it, you've got to climb up here!" he called

When he had returned with Uncle Neb, who was all agog with excitement, and had set him to work at chopping out a hole in the lower part of the tree they demanded an explanation of him—a thing that he was obviously bubbling over to impart.

"Well, I got at it in this way," he said. "After you girls had told me all the queer things that Marm Debbie did I got to thinking about her actions and wondering just why she had done some of those strange things over and over. There must be some reason for those actions, I thought, even if she was kind of crazy. For instance, you said she kept coming down to the pool here every little while at night and sitting by that tree and patting it and saying, 'Hit's safe!' At first I didn't think it had so much to do with the tree, but I felt sure there was something about this pool or the ground round here that meant a

"Poor, poor Marm Debbie!" said Miss Spencer, sighing. "In her crazed mind she was faithful to her trust even to the end. She literally gave her life to protect this treasure, and even in her death she pointed the way to its recovery all unknown to herself. We can never be grateful enough to Marm Debbie!"

Meanwhile Uncle Neb had been lustily chopping away and had made a considerable impression on the tough old trunk. As he stopped to wipe his forehead with a purple bandana handkerchief Ralph stepped up and took the axe for his turn. Uncle Neb went over to the others and began a reminiscence of his own that cleared up the last question in their minds. They had all been wondering how Marm Debbie had known that the tree was hollow.

"An' so de treasure am in dere!" he exclaimed. "It's an ol'

dunderpate not to have thought of hit myself. I done reckon Marm Debbie tol' me once when I was a li'l feller dat when she was a young gal she done made up her mind ter run away. She'd climbed up in dis tree an' foun' it was holler, so she got some food an' went an' hid in hit for two days while dey searched the whole island to find her. She was gwine to wait till de 'citement was all over an' den slip away somehow, but arter two days she got powerful tired of hit an' decided she'd stay wid ol' Marse Spencer arter all. So she slipped outen de tree an' down to her cabin, an' dey nebber knowed whar she'd been. An' ol' Marse Spencer was so glad to git her back he nebber made her tell. But she tol' me dis so long ago when I was a li'l boy dat I clean forgot all 'bout hit till dis yere minute!"

Ralph's clean, vigorous strokes were biting deep into the hollow tree. Later Uncle Neb followed with another turn, and then the first sign of a real fissure appeared in the massive trunk.

The afternoon sun waned, and the shadows grew long about the pool while the fascinated watchers stood round, commenting on and encouraging the work. At last the hole was big enough to admit Ralph's head and shoulders and finally his entire body.

Throwing aside the axe, the boy drove in and reached for the coveted treasure, but he presently drew back. "The chest is too rotten," he explained; "it's breaking all to pieces. If you can get a basket or something, I'll hand out the stuff to you."

Uncle Neb ran to the house for a basket and was back in a jiffy, and the process of filling it began. One of the first things Ralph handed out was something that might once have been a big leather wallet, but which now was scarcely more than a mass of pulp.

Aunt Adelaide seized it. "Father's money!" she exclaimed half under her breath.

But the mass of discolored and rotting rags within were discouragingly unlike bank notes. So also were the black metal coins that were now filling the basket. And when at last Ralph declared there was not another thing except the broken box left in the hollow they all made their way back to the house in the gathering darkness, with Ralph and Uncle Neb carrying the basket between them—a strangely subdued and disappointed party.

But late that night, after they had examined their find more thoroughly, their first buoyant excitement returned.

"It's gold all right!" cried Theo, who had been industriously polishing one of the coins. "Twenty dollars it says right on this! See it shine! And Ralph says there is about five thousand dollars worth!"

Miss Spencer and Antoinette had been carefully examining the decaying rags of paper laid out under the strong light of the lamp on the table. "There is little doubt in my mind," said Aunt Adelaide, "that there is enough remaining of these bank notes to be identified by an expert. I have always understood that they have such experts at the United States

Treasury, and, if anyone is unfortunate enough to tear or even burn bank notes, he can send what remains to Washington to be identified and will be reimbursed with new bills. So I believe the value of these is safe enough. But I do wish I knew of some one trustworthy enough to take charge of all these matters for me and to advise me concerning them. I have no lawyer in Savannah since our old family lawyer died two years ago."

Suddenly Antoinette had a bright idea. "Why not send word to Mr. Briscoe, Aunt Adelaide? He's such a kindly sort of man, and when I left New York he told me to call on him any time I wanted help or advice. And too, Aunt Adelaide,"—she came close and laid a hand beseechingly on Miss Spencer's knee,— "that little money I have,—that hundred dollars,—I've never touched any of it, and I don't want to. Let's please, use it to pay his fee. It couldn't go for a better purpose, and—and it would be a—delight to me. Then we needn't touch any of this except for the house!"

She looked at Miss



Spencer, who turned her head away to avoid the girl's imploring eyes.

"There is no need to talk of fees just now, Antoinette," Miss Spencer said presently, "but your suggestion about Mr. Briscoe is very good. I'll telegraph to him in the morning. He will also be able to advise me no doubt about the legal question involved in the matter of the gold—the question of its ownership. I have little doubt that, since the ownership was so obscure to begin with, it belongs after all these years to the person on whose grounds it was found. There are no more Featherstones left. The last of them, an old unmarried lady, died some years ago. So literally it belongs to us. However, I should never feel justified in using it for any personal matters, and I have been thinking that it might be employed in much the same way as was originally intended. There are still in this region of Georgia many aged women, the sisters, wives and even mothers of dead soldiers, who are forced to live in an appalling state of want. They were once women of wealth and culture, and they are too proud ever to reveal to the world their overwhelming need. The gold should go to them. Such was the intention of the little band to which Alan belonged. I am going to see that it fulfills at last that original intention! The bills are mine, and, if I can recover

their value, the Savannah house will be safe. It is on both those questions that I wish to consult Mr. Briscoe."

It was one month later. The Savannah house had been opened and cleaned, and one by one the Northern boarders were drifting back to their accustomed abiding place. Theo and Antoinette had not come up at first with Miss Spencer, for she had said that she preferred to come alone with the servants and give the place its regular fall cleaning with no one else round. But on the day before high school opened—Miss Spencer had insisted that both girls come to the city and attend regularly—Uncle Neb went down to Wilmington Island and brought them home, chuckling all the while over some secret that he said he had promised not to disclose.

They ran up the steps of the house and greeted Miss Spencer at the door, detailing to her in a breath all the news from the plantation since she had left it. At last Antoinette inquired:

"Which room do you intend us to have, Aunt Adelaide? How lovely to be back in this dear place after all—and for always!"

"I've fixed a place for you both upstairs that I think you can keep all winter without being moved, even if the house is crowded,"

replied Miss Spencer, and she led the way up the beautiful curved stairs at the end of the hall.

The girls, scarcely heeding what she said, so absorbed were they in other matters, followed her, but stopped short in wide-eyed amazement when she led them to the door of the closed-up room. "Why, why, you can't mean you are going to put us in here!" stammered Antoinette.

"I certainly am!" declared Miss Spencer, smiling. "I decided some time ago that there was no one I wanted in here at all except you two! This is to be your room permanently. You've done everything to deserve it!"

She led the way in, and they followed, speechless with pleasure at the dainty, intimate touches that she had added to the already beautiful and dignified room.

"O Aunt Adelaide!" was all they could utter, and they turned and hurled themselves upon her in the impulsive caress they had never summoned courage for hitherto.

"Yes, yes!" she replied with both arms round them. "I—I understand, Theo and Tony!"

And then Antoinette knew that at least a little of the bitterness was gone from the heart of Aunt Adelaide.

THE END

## BUCKSKIN AND DESERT *By Joseph T. Kessel*

### Chapter One. The fire at midnight

SIX times the police officer's forefinger pressed the trigger of his revolver, and six times the shots echoed down the dark, deserted streets of the mining town. A big pane of glass, crashing into fragments upon the sidewalk at the officer's feet, for a moment drowned

out the dull roar of the ore mills on the neighboring hillsides. The next moment a wicked sheet of flame shot through the window. The officer took to his heels, shouting "Fire! Fire!" as he tore down the street to turn in an alarm.

The pistol shots, so often in mining camps the first warning of fire, had done their work well; already bare heads were popping through convenient openings. The fire bell suddenly began to send forth a wild, clamorous call. A mine whistle screeched a long, mournful blast, and other whistles joined in the tumult.

Once more the noted boom camp, Gold Shovel, strung out among the Lizard Hills of Nevada, was threatened by a fire at night. In the past busy months there had been many such scares, times when it seemed that the whole town would be wiped out, but hitherto the impending calamity had in some manner been averted. So it might be again. Yet no better place could have been chosen for a disastrous fire to start in—a painter's supply store, a flimsy, two-story frame structure in which were many barrels of paint, oil, gasoline, turpentine, benzine and wood alcohol—a treacherous fire trap the whole interior of which was now no better than a blazing furnace. Every window belched black smoke or dancing flames. A yellow tongue of flame shot up from the roof and quickly grew into a roaring blaze. The burning wood snapped and cracked; the street was lit up like day. More than one of the partly-dressed onlookers turned apprehensive eyes on the adjoining frame buildings.

The fire department came running. Before water could be turned into the first line of hose the chief was shouting his orders. There was no use wasting time on the paint store, which now was burning in every nook and corner. The chief thought only of keeping the flames from spreading. Could it be done? Other menacing fires had been controlled; why not this one?

A stream of water suddenly spouted from the nozzle of the first line of hose. Then a second and a third stream began to play on the fire. The firemen were running a fourth line of hose from another street in order to drench the rear of the buildings when the paint store fairly exploded. A large piece of the front was thrown against the shops across the street; firebrands were scattered in every direction. The roof leaped upward, broken and torn asunder, and from its open top the building sent up a whirlwind of glowing sparks. Some dropped on the heads of the firemen, some on the crowds of spectators and others still on the dry shingles of the neighboring buildings. Whether benzine, gasoline or wood alcohol, or all three together, had exploded no one knew. But every one knew that the danger at any rate had been terribly increased.

The fire bell started clanging afresh. Every whistle—and there were dozens of them—renewed its wild, screeching appeal for men, women and children to bestir themselves. Surely no one could remain asleep through the frightful din! Yet, stretched out between clean sheets in a near-by brick building, slept Dal Hamilton, prospector, who for the first time in months was lying in a soft bed. In the next room, with his black head on a downy pillow, lay Lee Lung, an American-born Chinese, Dal's partner, who like Dal was more used to sleeping in a hard bunk or on the ground than between sheets on a soft mattress.

Had Dal been rolled up in his blankets on the desert or sleeping in a hillside cabin he would have awakened at the slightest unusual sound. But there on the top floor of the three-story brick building, which was part of the real estate that had been turned over to him and his partner in payment for their claim, the Lucky Fraction, he was oblivious of everything. He and Lee had sat far into the evening settling the terms of the sale, and they were tired.

The firebrands and soaring sparks were doing their work well. As if by magic new fires sprang up in a dozen places. The shouts and the clatter of the wagons, automobiles and trucks that dashed up to cart away the many valuable articles taken from the burning shops almost drowned the chief's belated commands. North, south, east and west the fire was spreading. Three blocks up the main street the grayish-brown rock of a big mine dump would check it; but down the street it could sweep on and on to the dwelling houses that sat close together on the sagebrush flat below.

The greater part of the business section of Gold Shovel had been built in the earlier days of the boom. Here and there were substantial business houses of brick or stone, but the majority were cheap frame buildings put up for more or less temporary use. There were hundreds of them—stores, hotels, lodging houses, restaurants, pool rooms and theatres—all packed tight in a narrow cañon among the low hills; and

perched on the hilly country above the town were big, red shaft houses and costly reduction plants.

The flames, sweeping down into the heart of the business section, raced on and on. Not wood or brick or even stone could withstand the increasing heat; a large plate glass window on the ground floor of the building in which Dal Hamilton and Lee Lung were sleeping splintered into a thousand fragments. A cloud of smoke belched from the opening. Paint blistered, wood snapped, flames appeared—and then Dal awakened. He swung his feet down to his shoes and pulled them on. Coughing and dazed and feeling as if his head would burst, he groped his way through the smoke-filled hall into his partner's room and shook him awake.

"Hey! Wassa matta?" gasped Lee.

"Fire!" replied Dal shortly. "Wrap a blanket round you! Come on!"

They stumbled down the stairs and into the open air; they were wrapped each in a gray blanket, and Dal half led, half dragged the Chinese boy. When they reached the street Dal felt some one grip his arm and turned to see an old friend, an Indian known throughout a big part of the Southwest as Navaho Charley. "Bad," said Navaho Charley laconically, brushing a spark from his gray cotton shirt. Then suddenly he uttered an exclamation in his mother tongue and hurriedly ran his bronze fingers along his ribs under his left arm. "My map!" he cried and started on a run through an alley.

Dal realized that the Indian was in trouble; calling to Lee to follow him he raced through the alley after the Indian. The boys swung round a corner just in time to see the figure in the gray shirt rush into a two-story lodging house that was already afire in several places. They saw the Indian again through a second-story window. Dal Hamilton waited to see no more. "Charley can't stay there without something to protect him!" he cried. Tearing off his own blanket, and then his partner's, he wet them in a muddy pool of water at his feet. Then, draping one blanket over his head and body and hanging the other over his arm, he dashed into the burning building. Lee Lung, almond-eyed, yellow-faced, fat, stood there in his pajamas and stared.

Halfway along a narrow hall Dal bumped into his dusky friend. The Indian was dazed; his eyes were closed by the smoke; his black hair was singed, his cotton shirt was scorched. In his right hand he was clutching a small, flat buckskin bag.

Out in the alley a stranger had joined Lee Lung. He was a swarthy, flashily-dressed man, one Pedro Letran, who, though born in Arizona, was yet often called Mexican Pete. He had happened to hear Navaho Charley's exclamation about the map.

To Lee it seemed an age before Dal and the Indian, swathed in the wet blankets, reeled into the street. Dal had saved Navaho Charley's life, a fact that Navaho Charley would never forget. And neither would Pedro, crafty and alert, ever forget that the Indian quickly shoved the buckskin bag out of sight.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Lee lamented. "This awful! I feel like whole world go bust! Dal, you no think of something to stop terrible fire?"

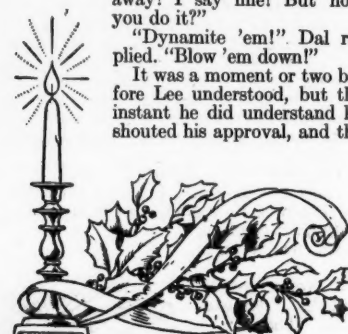
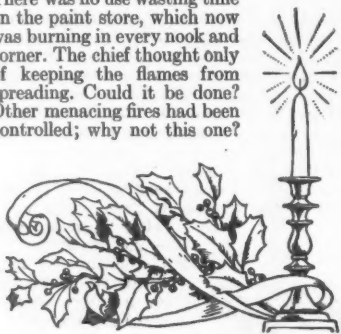
Dal made no immediate answer, but stood thinking. "Pardner," he said at length, "if the three other store buildings that we got as part of the trade for our claim were put out of the way, I believe everything beyond them could be saved. That's the spot for stopping the fire, if the thing can be done at all. Our stores will probably burn up anyway."

Lee looked at his partner questioningly. "Hey!" he finally blurted out. "Wassa matta you? Gone crazy in head? You talk as if we tuck buildings under our arm and scoot away! I say fine! But how you do it?"

"Dynamite 'em!" Dal replied. "Blow 'em down!"

It was a moment or two before Lee understood, but the instant he did understand he shouted his approval, and the

In his right hand he was clutching a small, flat buckskin bag



# THE TIRED TRAVELER AND THE LITTLE LIGHT

By Irene Crossmon

"BUT, father, they are worn with travel. Surely thou wilt have compassion on them!"

"Go, child, must I tell thee again that the last room is filled? It will be a hard matter to feed the guests until sunset tomorrow. Send them away; they must find a place elsewhere."

The wistful face and strange dark eyes of Mary Krashni glowed with sudden determination, and she turned quickly to face the light of the candle that was shining half-heartedly into the corners of a bare room in the little town of Bethlehem. She turned a half-defiant, half-gentle look at the man on the bench—at the drooping shoulders and the gray head, at the old face that might have been tender but for the restless glow in the sharp eyes and the cynical curve of the mouth. She had stepped over the threshold, but she came back and put a slender hand on the old man's shoulder.

"My father," she said, "thou hast had a hard battle these last years, with the burden of the Roman taxes growing heavier and the need of more guests to fill up our inn. And I would share thy struggle with thee. But do not let thy hard lot take from thee thy faith that a deliverer will come, even as the prophets have promised. And oh, father,"—her white hand trembled as she stroked the thin gray hair,—"let us not be hardened by the selfishness of those who bleed us for taxes. The Romans have no hope of the Promised One, as we have, and they are unmindful of the great matters of life—of generosity and hospitality. But let us not forget. She hath such a sweet face, the woman, and she is weary beyond words. The man too is gracious and humble, and it is a long journey from Nazareth. Thou knowest the open space in the stalls down below; but give thy consent and I can make them a bed of straw where they may rest for the night."

The old man raised his eyes and looked into Mary's face. She puzzled him many times now, for through the impetuosity of youth she had begun to show the quiet

strength of dawning womanhood. It was sixteen years since he had first looked into the depths of her dark, eager eyes, then set in the tiny wrinkled face of an infant. But they were the same eyes; now as then they awakened in him a vague sense of comfort and hope for the future and challenged the noblest currents in his strangely complex soul. Now as she stood there, with the flickering light softening her fine strong face and the youthful grace of her slender, sturdy figure, she seemed to him more than ever half child and half woman.

"Thou hast the tender heart of thy mother, child," he said quietly. "Go thy way and make thy strangers as comfortable as thou wilt."

She left the room softly, smiling expectantly as she slipped down the steps and swung back the heavy door at the bottom. The uncertain light of the lantern over the doorway showed a stalwart, clear-eyed man in workman's garb and a sweet-faced woman with a strange radiant glow in her weary eyes.

"You are welcome," said Mary Krashni, "to such hospitality as I can provide for you in an inn that was overcrowded long before sunset. There is left only a space in the cattle stalls, but that is warm, and I can make you a straw bed and bring you food, which will refresh you after your journey."

"It is good, damsel, to find such a haven at last," said the man. "We had begun to think there was no resting place in all Bethlehem for us, and we are all weary of seeking."

They followed Mary through the dim passageway into a room at the end, which had stalls on either side and great bundles of straw piled in a corner. There was no sound except the heavy breathing of the cattle, and as the travelers stood for a moment in the darkness while Mary went to bring a lantern it seemed as if all the silence of the sleeping city had been gathered into that strange resting place.

When Mary returned the woman sank to a bench in the corner. "I am far spent," she said and smiled at the young girl, who was piling up the straw with skilful hand, "and thy goodness is a blessing."

"Is not all goodness a blessing?" said Mary. "And is not the greatest blessing yet to come? Tell me," she said, standing before the woman, whose radiant face and unsearchable eyes seemed full of wisdom, "dost thou believe in the Deliverer of Israel promised by the prophets?"

The woman smiled at the eager questioner, who thought she had never seen so beautiful or so tranquil a smile.

"Then thou dost think the Messiah will come!" said Mary.

The woman caught the hand of the girl and kissed it gently. "He will come," she said softly, "and thou shalt see Him."

Mary Krashni looked wonderingly at the gracious face of the strange woman and then in silence finished bringing straw and arranging mats. After she had brought food and a few threadbare rugs for covering she started up the stairs but stopped and turned to the woman. "I will bring thee a long candle, which will burn through the night," she said, "and may its shining be a symbol of our hope in the Promised One."

In a moment she returned with a white, perfectly shaped taper, the last one of a precious boxful that she had received as a gift from a Persian traveler long before. "The signs of the times are writ in the stars," he had said to her, "but any fair, pure light is a symbol of the truth. These candles burn with a quiet, steady radiance, and I give them to thee because thou hast in thy heart a hope that is true and beautiful."

Mary had thought many times of the words of the sage, and she had lighted each candle lovingly on great feast days. Now there remained one only. She placed it in the candlestick on the flat wooden beam at the entrance of the stall, and the pure white flame, settling to a steady radiance, lighted up the bare open space with a mellow glow. There were the stalls and the dim outlines of the sleeping cattle. There were the bundles of straw in the far corner and the weary figures of the two travelers.

As she turned to go Mary smiled confidently at the woman and pointed to the shining light. "A symbol of our hope for the Messiah," she said softly and was gone.

It had been a great day in Bethlehem; thousands had poured into the city in obedience to the decree of the Roman governor. As Mary Krashni barred the great wooden door of the inn for the night she found some comfort for her weariness in knowing that for the first time in many years the inn was full, and that the coins received from the travelers would lighten a little the ever-growing burden of taxation under which her father was bending discouraged.

Her dreams were troubled. Once she awakened and went to the window. The little town of flat-topped gray houses and narrow, crooked streets lay tranquil under the clear stars. Far over on the Judean hilltops there was a soft, pale glow, and for a moment Mary looked wonderingly at it. "Torches or a fire burnt by the shepherds to scare away the wolves," she thought and slept again.

The morning was clear and beautiful. A glorious sun climbed into the blue eastern sky, and in the streets there were

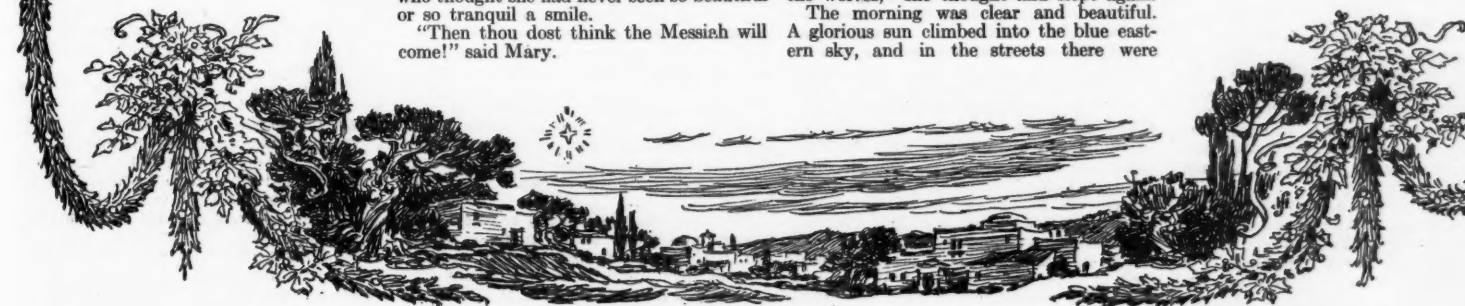
sounds of carts and of footsteps. Mary slipped down to the stalls and stood for a moment on the lower step. The candle had burned almost to the socket, but even now its quiet radiance was mingling with the rosy glow of the dawn, which poured in through the little windows over the stalls. She stared in astonishment at three strange, richly dressed men who stood in the centre of the open space, and then a faint, unmistakable wail broke the silence. She hurried across the stone floor to the side of the woman, who was reaching a trembling hand toward the old stone manger at her side—and then Mary Krashni bowed her head at the wonder of it. For there lay Something softly wrapped. And on the white face of the woman lying on the bundle of straw there was a tranquil grace, and in her eyes there shone a new and deepened light.

"For that One," said the tallest of the three strangers, waving his flowing sleeve toward the Child, "have we traveled from the east with our gifts. He is the Messiah, long promised by the prophets; and last night was His coming foretold in the stars. We must leave our gifts and depart, but blessed is the coming of the King of Israel, and thrice blessed are we who have looked upon Him."

When he had spoken he nodded to the others; then the three stole out through the big door. Mary's quick eyes saw that on the bench in the corner there were gifts: jewels and gold sparkling in the early sunlight that was pouring in through the windows. And there was a faint, sweet odor of incense. And there was the Child, a new-born wondrous Thing. He might indeed be the Promised One. Mary looked questioningly at the mother, who beckoned her to come closer.

"He is the Messiah," she whispered as the eager head was bent to catch her words; "and thy faith and thy hope are rewarded. See, the candle still burneth even after the long night."

Mary Krashni bent to kiss the hand of the Child, and then as she hurried up the steps to tell her father of the great happening there was a new and joyous song in her heart.



pair started off at a run. Lee looked incongruous enough in his bright-yellow silk pajamas and Chinese shoes.

"Yes! Blow 'em down!" said the chief in reply to Dal's suggestion. "I sent an automobile after some dynamite awhile ago. It ought to be back any minute. Stop it and take what you want. Get some miners to help you."

On swept the flames, huge, billowy and lurid, fanned by a strong wind. It looked as if no human power could check their forward rush.

The automobile laden with explosives worked its way into Main Street. Stopping it, Dal told the guards the chief's decision. In a few seconds half a dozen men were placing bundles of dynamite in the buildings. Perhaps the flames could not be checked there, but the three structures stood in a V-shaped lot; across the street in front of them

was a small park, and behind them was a vacant lot; there was a chance.

Fifty or more volunteers drove the curious onlookers back out of danger. Dal and the men who had placed the dynamite hurried from one of the stores and dodged round the nearest corner. Suddenly a thunderous explosion shook the town. Walls flew apart; the roof dropped down—and building number one was a wreck.

Twice more Dal and the men placed the sticks of dynamite, and twice more they set off the heavy charges. They did the job well, so well in fact that the wind-driven flames stopped at the pile of debris. Their vigorous action saved the residential part of the town, and in time the business section would have new buildings, larger, more modern and better. But Dal and Lee knew that in the coming prosperity they would have no part; for all their property had gone. There was

small chance of their getting anything from the city.

As day broke and the sun came up the full effects of the fire stood revealed. Smoking ruins were on every hand; here and there blackened walls of brick or stone, stripped of everything that would burn, stood upright and grim. Not a building of any consequence was left. Thoughtful housewives brought steaming pots of coffee and freshly made sandwiches to the fire fighters.

"Oh! You poor boy!" one of the women exclaimed, stepping up to Lee. He was bareheaded, his silk pajamas were streaked with black, and one of his Chinese shoes was gone. "Won't you have some coffee? And a sandwich?"

"Yes, ma'am," Lee replied in a hollow voice. "Thank you velly much. Please excuse me 'cause I no take off my hat. Thank you," he said again as he took the tin cup of

hot coffee and turned to Dal, whose pajamas had been virtually torn to ribbons, and who now was wearing a fat man's discarded trousers and a red flannel shirt with one sleeve burned off.

Long months before, Lee Lung crouching, lost and frightened, beside a water hole on an Arizona desert, had seen Dal Hamilton for the first time; Dal's lips were cracked, and he was almost crazed with thirst as he staggered beside his burro to the spring. Since that memorable evening a real partnership had grown up between them. For a while they had prospected together, taking all the risks that go with a prospector's life. Then when the news of the wonderful Nevada gold strike was flashed all over the country they had joined in the wild stampede for the Lizard Hills. After some lively work they had a wedge-shaped piece of ground, less than half a full-sized claim,

which they named the Lucky Fraction. By working for wages part of the time they had earned enough to buy mine supplies and dynamite and then, unaided, had sunk a shaft nearly a hundred feet to pay rock.

Then they sold their claim. In payment they had received, subject to the mortgages on them, the brick building in which they had been sleeping when the fire broke out and the three wooden stores that had been blown up. The question now was whether the land could be sold for enough to cover the mortgages.

Lee was mournful at the prospect. "Plardner," he said, "we now flat busted! Slapped. Bloke. No mine. No nice houses. No money. All gone, even new clothes. Him look as if bad-luck Chinese devil-devils after us all time! And just think, the very last thing you say when we go to bed was, 'Tomorrow morning we must have our places insured.' Yi. Jimminy codfish! Oh, velly well!"

As the boys sat talking Navaho Charley walked up and after grunting, "This bad business!" stuck out his hand to Dal. "I'm goin' away. Good-by. I no forget you."

"Which way are you heading?" Dal asked, returning the Indian's strong hand clasp.

Navaho Charley motioned toward the south, shook hands with Lee and was soon lost in the crowd that was viewing the ruins. Barely a minute had passed before Pedro appeared and immediately inquired whether the Navaho intended to leave town.

"Yes," said Dal.

"Did he say where he was goin'?" Pedro asked.

"Nope."

From a distance Pedro had watched the friends talk together. As he had seen Navaho Charley wave his hand, he easily believed that the Indian had not named any definite place as his destination. A moment later he moved away, and the boys began to hunt for more suitable wearing apparel.

When after fifteen minutes' seclusion in a woodshed the Chinese appeared in a boy's suit that a kind but unobservant mother had given him he attracted even more attention than he had attracted before. The boy who had owned the suit was of no more than ordinary size, whereas the round-faced sixteen-year-old Chinese was not merely fat but roly-poly.

He was not at all comfortable in his new clothes. "That lady velly nice," he said slowly as if it were hard for him to breathe, "but she miscalculated my size. Pants so tight round my stumick that words just gurgle in my windpipe. If I bend down—" He screwed up his yellow face into a grimace. "But no danger, for while I wearum these pants I stand stiff all same soldier, even if twenty-dollar gold piece right at my feet."

Dal started to make a cheery reply but stopped abruptly to slip his foot over a shining object that he suddenly saw half hidden in the thick dust. "You are sure about that, are you, Lee?" he drawled, looking grave. "Now just think what twenty dollars would do for us. We're busted. We haven't a thing in sight. Our stomachs feel like empty caves. Just think what we could do with twenty dollars! Ham!" Dal licked his lips. "Eggs! Hot biscuits! Hot cakes and coffee! Or just think what a grub-stake that much money would be. Just think, pardner! Then look down!"

Lee's almond eyes turned toward the ground. Dal slipped his foot aside, and there in full sight was a shining gold piece!

Lee's soldierly bearing vanished. Two yellow hands swooped downward, and almost simultaneously there was a sound of ripping cloth. "Ki-yi!" Lee exclaimed and suddenly sat down. Although he held a twenty-dollar gold piece, he remained sitting in the dust, and his round face was a picture of fright and humiliation. "You bring me blanket," he sputtered, "then I be more dignified!"

Later in the morning Lee, now clothed in a new pair of trousers, called his partner's attention to Pedro, who was slinking by dressed in

overalls. "Hum!" Dal exclaimed. "Pete's going to hit the trail. Wonder which way he's heading?"

Shortly after five o'clock the boys met Mr. Hill, the man who held the mortgages on their buildings, and all three walked to his house for a business talk.

"Well," said Dal after they were seated round the table, "I suppose that Lee and I are cleaned out."

Mr. Hill went right to the point. "Frankly, I'm afraid you are. So am I. So are hundreds of others. In fact I'm a lot worse than busted; I'm 'way in the hole. Some people owe me, and I owe others—much more than I am owed. Within a month or two the banks will be crowding me for settlement. That'll mean I must crowd somebody else. Maybe it'll be you boys, although I don't want to. Your lots are worth quite a sum. I should say more or less the amount due me. Yet they might sell for a great deal more."

The talk lasted for half an hour, and Dal

asked many questions. Then the partners left for their old cabin on the hillside near the Lucky Fraction shaft. Although the cabin did not now belong to them, they knew that they were welcome to use it, and they soon had a fire burning in the sheet-iron stove.

After supper they talked over the situation. What was best to do? The lots were all they had of value, and the lots might not equal their indebtedness. They had been prospectors, and it is not strange that their impulse was to return to their old occupation. They realized of course that, even though they were in a region of gold mines, their chances of finding a valuable piece of vacant ground were slim, for location stakes were scattered for miles in every direction. Nevertheless, they decided to try their luck again.

The next day they called on Mr. Hill and proposed that he take the lots and cancel their obligation to him. Mr. Hill agreed, and

the necessary papers were made out and signed.

Now the partners were free to go where they pleased. All the money they had was the twenty-dollar gold piece that Lee had picked up in the street, but in the cabin were their old prospecting outfit and a considerable stock of provisions. And on a near-by ranch, growing fat from the splendid pasture upon which he grazed, was Dal's faithful burro, Smoky. He was somewhat larger than most of his breed; and his shaggy coat was a smoky white with age, and he was wise.

When the sun rose two days later the burro stood ready and laden in front of the cabin; a pick and a shovel were lashed on top of the bulky, canvas-covered pack. Dal gave the word. Smoky started down the hillside, and the boys followed him. At the bottom of the cañon, like Pedro and Navaho Charley, they headed south.

TO BE CONTINUED

## SHOOTING SUCKERS *By Charles Tenney Jackson*



DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

Eddy heaved on his short oars. He made two strokes, then stopped

BURGIN, the forest guard, wondered why Kim Wilson showed so much reserve in telling about the camp that the boys had established across the French Broad River opposite the national reserve. Kim and Burgin had always been great friends; it was from Burgin

that Kim and his companions had learned nearly all they knew of woodcraft and of the management of Uncle Sam's great forest in the Blue Ridge, and Burgin, whose solitary patrol took him along the left river bank twice a week or oftener, had done the camp many favors in past seasons.

Kim had dragged his canoe up on a rocky shelf of the swift mountain river and now sat on the government domain, concluding his first visit of the season to his old friend.

"Reckon you got the same bunch, Kim, that you had last season? Fred Jeffry and the Curtis boys and Petey Hervey?"

"The Curtis kids couldn't get here so early. Fred's cousin is along and a fellow named Sparks. They're both older than we, and they know a lot about campin' too. Rest of the gang'll blow in next week—if the high water doesn't chase us all off the flat before."

"You needn't worry. It's fallin' fast and done all the damage it can. I guess your new boys know all the rules, if they come over on the reserve; about not bringin' firearms or fishing without the permits?"

"Oh, sure!" muttered Kim.

Burgin chatted with him awhile and repeated his offer to see that the boys got permits to fish the forest streams without being

obliged to make the long trip to the main office.

"Oh, I guess we won't make any try at the trout!" said Kim. "I don't know as the crowd will even cross the river. Plenty of hikes and stuff to do over on our side. I'll see they leave their rifles in camp if we do make any mountain climb over on the reserve, Mr. Burgin."

Burgin waved his hand from the trail above when Kim turned his canoe out to fight the foaming river. The current swept him down, but he landed in the muddy margin of the willows opposite the hidden tents.

"Wonder what he'd say if he knew what Sparks and Eddy Jeffry brought to fish with?" Kim said to himself. "Of course as long as they stay off the government land it's none of his business—yes, it is too; he's a county deputy also!"

When Kim lay down in camp he kept looking at the box that Eddy and Sparks had brought; it contained half a dozen half sticks of dynamite with waterproof fuses. The two older boys had "shot" a hole in the lower river the week before and had picked up a hundred pounds of suckers, catfish, "buffaloes" and shiners. Apart from being unlawful, the sport was exciting, though there was no real danger either if a fellow was careful.

"But Mr. Burgin's a deputy sheriff," objected Kim as they were all discussing the "sport" that evening round the campfire. "His patrol is on the government side of course, but he wouldn't stand for that kind of work—"

"Thought he was such a friend o' yours?" retorted Eddy.

"He sure is! Friend of all of us. That's why—"

"Yes, sir," put in little Pete Hervey.

"He's the best feller ever you want to know! Ain't he, Fred?" He appealed to Fred Jeffry, who was fourteen years old, but Fred, who was under the domination of his eighteen-year-old cousin, Eddy, seemed reluctant to agree.

"Well," grumbled Fred, "grown-up men dynamite the river for fish sometimes. And if they see a deer out of season—"

"Oh, that's different!" protested Billy Sparks. "I wouldn't shoot a deer! But just shooting a few worthless suckers—that's all right. Nobody ever catches you at it anyhow!"

"Kills a lot of good fish too," objected Kim, "and it's against the law—"

The two new boys only laughed. Fred Jeffry was worried. When he found Kim alone that night he half apologized for bringing his cousin Eddy and Bill Sparks. He had thought that Walter Curtis, who was nineteen years old, would be in camp with them that week, and he knew that Bill and Eddy would never dare use dynamite when big Walter was present.

"Well," Kim pulled the blanket up to his ears and looked at the stars above the gum trees,—"I wish I'd told Burgin to try and warn 'em friendly like. But a feller hates—hates to peach on his own camp! I wouldn't have come without Walter if I'd known what Bill and Eddy came for."

The next day no one mentioned the package of dynamite that lay hidden under the end of Bill's camp mattress. They all fell to and policed the spot, made the fire hole secure, staked the tents more firmly and took a short hike up the back ridge. The brown, swirling river wound between their shore and the rugged ranges of the Pisgah Reserve. The water had been falling slowly after a freshet, which had strewn the flat with such wreckage as fences, hencoops and tree trunks.

"It'll leave a lot of fish in some of those sloughs," said Bill. "There's an acre-wide hole that the water's just leaving down the river half a mile. Good shooting hole, Eddy."

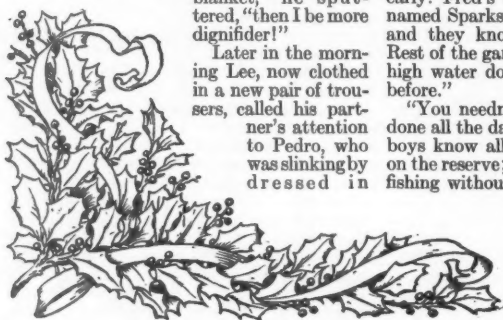
"It's across on the government side," said Eddy. He and Bill were lounging outside the tent that Kim and Peter occupied.

Kim sat up straight to listen to the older boys. They went on discussing how they could dynamite the hole below the big drift, gather up the stunned fish and get back to camp in an hour. "No chance of interference," concluded Eddy. "The forest guards up in the hills would never get down in time even if they knew of it. Shooting half a small stick of explosive under water doesn't make much noise."

"They're gettin' that stuff out," whispered Peter. "Kim, I wish they wouldn't! It's against the law and not sport—and dangerous too, Kim. Besides, what do we want with half a wagon load of fish?"

Kim said nothing; he knew that a boy of thirteen could not well argue with young fellows of eighteen. He just sat still until he heard the voices of the two grow fainter.

When he looked into their tent the package of dynamite was gone. He saw Bill and Eddy now through the trees by the river bank. They were shoving off in the flat-bottomed skiff that the camp had rented from a neighboring farmer. Fred Jeffry had hiked into the village four miles up the river to telephone to the Curtis boys about some stuff they were to fetch on the morrow. If



only big Walter Curtis had arrived! Kim now wished that he had informed Mr. Burgin or had made some kind of protest.

"I guess if we kids had hollered enough, they wouldn't do it," he grumbled. "Petey, you stay and watch camp. I'm goin' to see what they're up to."

The sun was low over the western spur of the Balsam Mountains when Kim saw the flat-bottomed skiff push off from the willows and turn in the current. He waited until the two older boys had rowed round the point; then he slipped down to his canoe.

"I'm just going to follow 'em," he said to himself. "They'll shoot a dynamite stick in the pond and then drop down below the eddy to pick up the fish when they drift out, stunned and helpless. Why, that's no fun!"

Peter Hervey whistled as he went about the camp bluff and started to get supper. Fred Jeffry would be back at six o'clock, and maybe the Curtis boys would be with him. Walter would be pretty mad when he saw what was going on—every box and bucket full of dead fish and the camp getting a bad name for the acts of two outsiders!

Kim paddled across the river and, holding back so that the others could not see him, let his canoe drift in the slower water under the overhanging trees. Not that they would care if they did see him, but Kim didn't want to be mixed in the business.

When his canoe stole round the point on the government side he saw the skiff in the pond below the great heap of driftwood. The current of the swift river still swept into the pond and eddied out close to the high rocks, where it plunged into Sandy Shoals, half a mile of rough, tumultuous water.

Kim got a hold on some bushes and watched the dynamiters. Eddy was rowing round the pond, and Bill Sparks was standing up, watching the shores.

Kim let his canoe creep nearer. The water was swift there along the rocky bank. Just below, it poured under and round the great mass of driftlogs and river wreckage that clung to the mud bar and separated the fishing hole from the main current.

Bill and Eddy seemed to be waiting as if to be sure that no one was spying on them. They rowed up close to the great drift and poled round as if testing the depth.

"Guess it's all right," Bill finally said to Eddy. "I'll drop this charge up close to the drift, and then you pull out over the mud bar. Then we'll drop downstream and pick up our fish; they'll all come out on the current, turned up and hardly a flop in 'em. Bet we pick up two bushels of suckers!"

"If anybody comes along the trail, we can drop our stuff overboard, and they can't prove we shot the pond," added Eddy.

Bill sat down and cut his length of waterproof fuse to attach to the dynamite cartridge. He wished it to explode near the bottom and drive the stunned fish upward and outward to the surface. Then he stood up while his friend worked the skiff backwards up to the muddy whirls of water that came out from under the driftwood heap.

"Now remember, pull right out towards the river, then drift down, but don't get into the main current! We'd be down on the rock shoals in no time with this old scow."

Bill lit the fuse, watched the flame eat under the casing and then tossed the fuse and the dynamite cartridge upstream under the edge of the driftwood. "Pull away, Eddy! Out across the bar!"

Eddy heaved on his short oars. He made two strokes, then stopped. Something had fouled across the bows. From his perch Kim saw it—a rusty, tangled strand of barbed wire dragging a water-logged post or two! The other end of the wire was in the driftwood. The skiff had swept into the hidden barrier and dragged it to view.

Eddy was jerking stoutly on his oars. Bill stood upright in the stern, yelling at him. "Back out of it, Eddy! Back out! Quick!"

Eddy had been staring past Bill over the stern. Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "Look out there, Bill!" he shouted wildly. "You never sank that cartridge! It hung up on this old wire fence, and there it is!"

Kim saw a tangle of wire and smaller drift, which gave it a slight buoyancy, come slowly to the surface as Eddy's jerks on the oars increased the strain on the strands. Bill

grabbed an oar and began to paddle. Eddy shouted at him to let it go. If the dynamite exploded under water, the deeper the better; it would do little harm. But, though the tangle had now dropped back under the surface, the weight of the skiff in the current kept dragging the wires upward.

Kim saw Bill turn a scared face to his comrade. The dynamite would explode in an instant, and they couldn't tell where it was.

"Make for the shore, Eddy!" shouted Bill. "Jump and swim for it downstream!"

But Eddy had lost his head. He stood up, staring across the two hundred feet of dirty water to the rocky rim of the pond. Bill jumped back to the stern seat and was just plunging over the side when both the skiff and the boys were hidden by a white geyser that shot up alongside!

It came with a muffled roar, rising thirty feet and breaking in every direction.

The wave from the explosion set Kim's canoe to dancing, and then he felt the drift limbs to which he was clinging part from his grasp. He seized his paddle. The current instantly shot him downstream, and he made a quick steering stroke that sent the canoe over across the bar into the space of troubled water that resulted from the explosion.

"Eddy!" yelled Kim as he caught sight of Eddy Jeffry floundering blindly in the water.

Then the bow of the skiff showed through the faint haze. Bill's head was just by it and traveling downstream rapidly. As Kim twisted his hand into Eddy's collar, he heard a shout from Bill.

"Get him!" he cried. "Something must have hit him! I'm not hurt, Kim; I'll hang to the skiff, what's left of it!"

Kim was pleading with the half-conscious Eddy to hang to the stern of the canoe, and Eddy, too dazed to know where he was, at last obeyed. Then Kim paddled to where Bill was drifting out to the swift river. "Get a hold of the head line, Bill! Don't you upset me either! Look, that whole drift heap is starting off the bar and coming on us!"

Bill stared. From water level the mass of driftwood looked as big as a battleship. Logs and planks were breaking away and riding with the current.

"Get out of here, boy!" Bill shouted. "I can't do a thing! I'm half stunned myself. Don't let that drift take us down on the shoals, or we'll all be drowned!"

"Hang on, but don't swing the canoe any!" Kim was paddling across the neck of the pond towards the government shore. The course took him across the path of the disintegrating mass of drift, which was coming faster every moment. Kim had to take that course; with Bill clinging to the canoe he never could have paddled it across the river and kept above the rapids.

The bow of the canoe plunged closer and closer to the rocky point below the pond. The first drift logs were rising and falling not two feet from Eddy's shoulders as he clung to the stern.

Kim began to despair. The water seemed to boil and recede where it swept along the shore. The canoe was slipping past. Then Bill Sparks dropped off ahead with the line. He got into the rocks and brush and hung to something that brought the canoe round with a jerk. The foremost drift stick plunged alongside the canoe, and another shot under and lifted it.

Once ashore, Kim scrambled back to help Eddy up the bank. Then Bill and Kim pulled the canoe to safety. They all sat there gasping for breath.

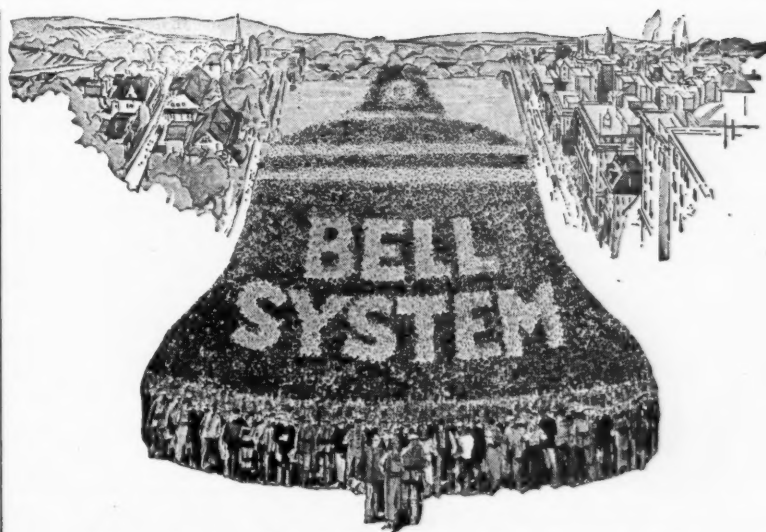
"Don't know how you happened along, Kim," said Bill. "We were tryin' to shoot a few suckers, and we couldn't sink the charge. I threw the rest of the dynamite overboard just before I jumped. The cartridge went off before I ever hit the water. I saw that skiff rise and hit Eddy, and then we both hit the water! Kim, if you hadn't come along—"

"Say," whispered Kim suddenly. "There's Mr. Burgin comin' down the trail! Now he'll think I was helpin' shoot the river—"

"No, he won't!" declared Bill. "We'll tell him the truth! Never again for me!" He jumped up and motioned to the guard: "O Mr. Burgin! What does this look like to you, shootin' suckers?"

"Well," said Burgin, "I don't see any evidence. The suckers must be up here on the bank, eh, Kim? Better take 'em to camp, and we'll forget it this time."

"Don't worry, Mr. Burgin," said Kim. "It's the last time all right!"



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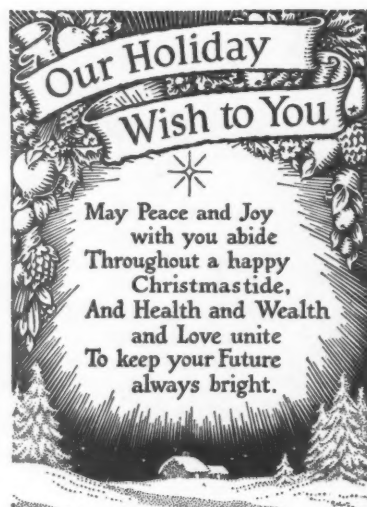
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### FACT AND COMMENT

IT IS A WISE WOMAN that will both take a compliment and forget it.

Skyward we turn like Children loving best  
The Story that is told us Oftenest.

THE TIME THAT YOU SAVE, like the money that you save, is useful only if you know how to spend it.

A FOREIGN NATION may gain entry under our immigration laws for as much as twenty per cent of its yearly quota in a single month. It is possible, therefore, for a nation to exhaust its annual quota in five months, and in this fiscal year eleven nations have done it. Among them are England, Russia, Greece and Turkey, which must send no more immigrants until next July.

MEN WHO WORK in high temperatures often lose considerable weight from unusual respiration and perspiration. They also lose much salt. In England a series of experiments on workers in hot mines seems to show that a small quantity of salt taken daily relieves the men of much of their exhaustion. A drink based on a solution of about one third of an ounce of salt to a gallon of water was most effective in warding off fatigue.

RUBBER PAVEMENT, which has been in experimental use in England for several years, has now appeared in America. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has paved one of its busy highway crossings with rubber in the belief that in the end it will save money by it, even though the first cost be higher. Because the distance between the tracks is so small ordinary pavement soon breaks up under the jolts of heavy trucks and so causes frequent expensive repairs.

A BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE is an inexpensive bit of charity that is often highly entertaining. Decorated with popcorn, cranberries, pieces of bread and suet, the outdoor tree is certain to attract an excited gathering of feathered guests. There is a pretty Scandinavian custom of the spare sheaf. At this time of year the farmer puts out close by his barn a sheaf of grain at the top of a long pole. Who shall say that he does not thereby propitiate some kindly spirit who sees to it that the birds protect his next summer's crops from insects?

INDEPENDENT OIL PRODUCERS say that of the 283,000 oil wells in the country 260,000 are run at a loss. Whether or not the statement is true, it is certainly true that to abandon or to neglect thousands of small wells that show a profit only during periods of high prices would greatly reduce production. The time must inevitably come when demand will catch up with supply, but meanwhile many a small producer will find that his sands are inundated and his wells a total loss. It is a lucky gambler that wins in the oil game.

THE DEMANDS OF CHRISTMAS in the United States cost the lives of four or five million young firs or spruces every year, but nature is a busy workman and abundantly able to supply them. The best trees come from the open pastures where the uncrowded branches have a chance to grow evenly, and such trees the farmer is glad to

cut in order to prevent them from encroaching on his grazing land. The best Christmas tree is the balsam fir, for it is handsome in shape, and when it warms up inside the house it gives forth a pleasing fragrance.

### CHRISTMAS

THROUGH all the ages the winter solstice has had its religious significance. Perhaps every religion has observed the passing of the old year, when the days cease to shorten and a new year and a new hope are born. The festival is universal, as also are the thoughts that its observance gives rise to. The time calls for a cleansing of the spirit, a will to let the old year take its soiled mantle and depart while we ourselves put on the new garment of resolution. Let us lift up our eyes and our hearts; let us cry out and be glad.

It is in that wonder time of the year that Jesus was born at Bethlehem. Christians, observing each year the time and the strange story of his birth, have associated the winter holiday with the happiest ideals of the Christian belief. The herald angels who appeared to the shepherds singing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men," sounded the challenge and the promise. The true followers of Jesus have ever since been trying to understand and to make manifest the two commandments of Jesus, Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. But how little the world yet follows that fundamental principle of Christianity! How little it even tries to follow it!

Once a year, Christmas! On that day in a lowly manger, watched over by the humblest and simplest people, was born the Light of the World. Who sees the gleam? Who in celebrating the end of the old year and the beginning of a new one can even for a day lay off the soiled mantle of selfishness and put on the new garment of Christ? Who can love his neighbor as himself? Who can go into the highways and gather together as many wayfarers as he finds, that the wedding be furnished with guests? Who really opens his heart?

Christmas is the holiday for all people—not family, not party, not country, but all humanity. If we would celebrate Christmas, we must reach out and touch another's life, perhaps the life of one of the lowliest. Organized charity? Yes, let the poor be fed, but surely each one of us on Christmas needs to spend the impulses of his Christian love. Awake, rejoice! And let your joy gladden the day for another. Merry Christmas!

### THE END OF THE ENTENTE?

ONE thing is certain: the former Crown Prince of Prussia could not have returned so quietly to his German estates had he not had the consent, not to say the connivance, of the republican government at Berlin. Was that government setting the stage for a restoration of the monarchy, or did it mean to use the Crown Prince as a means of provoking France and Great Britain openly to dissolve their much-strained alliance? We do not yet know, but if the purpose was to break the *entente* it seems almost to have succeeded. The anti-German alliance is on its last legs. Nothing except a Hohenzollern *coup d'état* can revive it.

France takes the return of the Crown Prince seriously. It views the saucy attitude of Berlin more seriously still. M. Poincaré wants to punish the Germans for letting Frederick William return from exile; and, since he knows of no way of punishing them except by taking more of their territory, he wants to occupy Frankfurt or Darmstadt or Hamburg. If he insists on taking one of those cities, he will have to do it alone, for the British Premier, Mr. Baldwin, has curtly told him that Great Britain cannot agree to any further punitive measures against Germany. In that position Mr. Baldwin is supported by Signor Mussolini, the dictator of Italy, who says that it is time to let Germany alone and to give it a chance to reform its political and financial systems.

No one, however, can imagine M. Poincaré's letting Germany alone until he has got either the reparations he demands or the military security that France feels it necessary to have against a united Germany. Neither of those things is yet in his grasp, and neither of them ever will be in his grasp if the German Empire is reestablished with

the assent of the other powers. Moreover, M. Poincaré has France behind him. He is infinitely surer of his seat than Mr. Baldwin is of his; surer, probably, than Mussolini is of his authority. He will almost certainly cling to his policy, whether his allies approve or not.

Will the *entente cordiale* therefore be dissolved? France will not break it, but Great Britain may. Indeed it has for some years existed as a sentimental tie rather than as a basis for a common foreign policy. The final decision will be postponed until the British elections are over and the new government, whatever it may be, is seated at Westminster. But, as we have said, nothing can revitalize it except the threat of a restored Hohenzollern monarchy. Like the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the *entente* has served its purpose and is breaking apart owing to the continually diverging interests of France and Great Britain. Nevertheless, King Edward VII and M. Delcassé, the men who made it, by means of it unquestionably changed the course of history.

### SNOW—NOW AND THEN

WHEN a poet plaintively asks, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" he implies that the winters of our time are poor, weak, futile things, not to be compared with those of long ago.

But a good poet may be a poor meteorologist and may forget that when his boyish stature did not overtop a yardstick an eighteen-inch snowfall looked to him vastly deeper than one of the same depth looks now when his legs take twice as long to reach the ground.

Whittier in his *Snowbound*, which was published in 1866, pictured an "old-fashioned" winter of his far-off boyhood. To read of it you would think that even in 1866 snow of such depth and frost of such severity as he describes had become as much things of the past as log cabins and spinning wheels are now. It was not so of course, but the Whittier who wrote *Snowbound* was not the Haverhill farmer's boy of 1815, wallowing in drifts breast-high; he was a tall man fifty-eight years old who fancied that the winters were moderating because drifts no longer rose midway of his waistcoat. It is the person that changes, not the seasons.

It is curious too that those of us who have battled with many winters have a notion that the snow itself has deteriorated, has lost some of the wondrous quality with which we indured it when long ago we listened with rapture to the magic couplets of the *Night Before Christmas*. A green Christmas is common enough nowadays, but in childhood there was never a Christmas Eve when it was not perfectly possible for the reindeer to draw Santa's sleigh over the breast of the new-fallen snow and up the steeples of the heavy-laden roofs.

And it was snow too of a texture never beheld in these degenerate days. How leisurely it came down! Each flake hesitated as if half minded to return to the azure solitudes that gave it birth. How the immaculate fleece, blanketing the world, obliterated all the ugly things in the scene and revealed new graces in the weighted pines and spruces! Every heaped-up mound invited us to frolic, to wage mimic battle, to build translucent habitations; and then the snow sent us home with cheeks aglow, eyes sparkling, veins tingling with joyous health.

Has the snow then really suffered a change that so many fussy old gentlemen of these days see nothing in it except a source of discomfort and on the first flurry hasten to arm themselves against it with overshoes and tippets and ulsters? Once they professed to delight in the snow. Why do they now regard it with cold aversion, with positive dislike, when it is distinctly to be observed that for childhood and youth it still holds its age-long charm? Perhaps it is again the individual that has changed. Perhaps these bundled-up graybeards, knowing that they are recreant lovers, have a fearful feeling that the snow, resentful of their perfidy, may at some auspicious moment turn and swallow them up.

### "SIMON-PURE" ATHLETES

WHAT is an amateur in the world of sport? The answer, it seems, should not be difficult to find. A professional is obviously a man who makes his living in whole or in part by his skill in some

athletic game. An amateur should be a man who takes part in sports simply for his own pleasure and who makes no money out of them.

It seems simple enough, but as a matter of fact it is not simple. There are continual disputes about what an amateur really is and whether this or that player conforms in all respects to the accepted definition. There are "amateurs" and "simon-pure amateurs."

There are two reasons for making the distinction between amateurs and professionals. One may be called the social reason. The amateur is, as the English say, a "gentleman amateur." He has or is supposed to have private means and is eligible for any position in society, whereas the professional is not. The other reason grows naturally out of the conditions of sport itself; it is held to be unfair that a man who plays only occasionally and for the fun of the thing should meet on equal terms a man who makes a business of the game and who spends all or most of his time in acquiring skill at it. There is also a wholesome desire in the minds of the people who make the distinction to keep some part of our athletic sports free from any taint of money-making.

Whether expressed or not, the social distinction is always present in the mind of the Englishman. It is rarely expressed in this country, but we suspect that it does color a good deal of thinking on the subject, though it should not color it. We have no such long-established and definite system of social classes as exists in England; and, although a man will ask to dinner only those persons whom he expects to find socially congenial, there is no reason why he should not take part in sports with anyone who is not personally disagreeable. Managers of prize competitions must of course always discriminate between the professional and the amateur, since the two cannot contend on equal terms.

In college athletics the distinction has become extremely complicated, because, whether consciously or unconsciously, it is based on social considerations, whereas it is supposed to be based wholly on the unfairness of letting professionals compete against amateurs. But in administering the amateur rules absurdities frequently occur. For example, a man cannot play college football or baseball because he once took pay for giving swimming lessons in a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium; or he cannot run as a member of a cross-country team or row in a college crew because he once played baseball for a salary at a summer resort. In such cases there is nothing to indicate that he has any special skill in the games he is debarred from playing, nor from the American point of view is there any reason to suppose that he is not socially so desirable a person as any of his college mates.

There must of course be some way to keep young men who mean to make a business of athletics from taking part in college sports, but it seems sensible to hold that a man should be declared a professional only in the sports from which he has really made money. In other games he should be allowed to compete as an amateur. Otherwise our "simon-pure amateurs" will appear to be tainted with snobbishness.

### PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS

THE campaign of 1924 is fairly under way. The national committees have decided on the cities where the nominating conventions are to be held, the politicians are selecting the delegates who shall attend, and—most important of all—the candidates are modestly announcing themselves as ready, if it be the people's will, to serve as Chief Magistrate for the four years beginning on March 4, 1925.

President Coolidge has made no public announcement of his candidacy, but it is everywhere understood that he is a candidate. Since Abraham Lincoln no President except Hayes has failed to ask for a renomination; and only Johnson and Arthur have failed to get it. But the President will not have a clear field. Senator Johnson of California is already an avowed candidate; almost everyone expects Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania to run; and there may be others.

President Coolidge will represent the conservative element in his party. He is far from being a "reactionary," but he will advocate no radical measures, and he will rely much on the old-fashioned issue of economy in government and the reduction of taxes. Senator Johnson and Governor

Pinchot are both "progressives" and have so been classed ever since the famous campaign of 1912. The Senator offers himself as the candidate of those who are determined that the United States shall never have anything to do with the League of Nations or any of its works. His other issue is compulsory Presidential primaries. Governor Pinchot is already widely known for his insistence on enforcing the liquor laws and his efforts to "do something about coal." If President Coolidge fails to satisfy the friends of prohibition, Governor Pinchot is sure to benefit from their discontent.

At least two Democratic statesmen are already in the field—Senator Underwood of Alabama and former Secretary McAdoo, who was born in Georgia and lived for a long time in New York, but who is now a citizen of California. Senator Underwood represents the conservative wing of the Democratic party on domestic issues and he has been accused, though he indignantly denies the charge, of being lukewarm about prohibition. Mr. McAdoo will depend for his strength on his administrative achievements as Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's cabinet and on the friendliness that union labor feels for him. Governor Cox of Ohio will probably present himself again to the Democratic convention, and Senator Ralston of Indiana will be urged as a safe compromise candidate. Governor Smith of New York will have votes, but, if he appears frankly as a "wet" candidate, it will hardly be possible for him to receive a two-thirds vote in the convention. Mr. Wilson's Armistice Day speech shows that he is determined to press the League of Nations issue on his party. It is probable that no one will object to reaffirming Democratic faith in the League, but no candidate who is lukewarm on that issue can have the support of Mr. Wilson's many and devoted followers.

Mr. Henry Ford is still the political enigma. A great many people would like to vote for him for President, but he has not yet said that he will accept a nomination. He could hardly get one from the Republicans; he might get one from the Democrats if the convention should fall into a deadlock and the delegates get out of hand, but the party leaders will not permit him to be nominated if they can help it. Will the "Farmer-Labor" party name him or perhaps Senator La Follette for the Presidency? That the party will nominate one or the other of the two men is at least likely.



## CURRENT EVENTS

**GOVERNOR WALTON** of Oklahoma has been removed from office. The State Senate found him guilty on eleven of the counts in the bill of impeachment drawn by the lower house. The charges that were sustained include the misuse of his powers of pardon, padding the state pay roll with favorites, soliciting gifts to meet the expenses of his office, issuing unjustified certificates of deficiency in various state departments, attempting to prevent a state election legally called, suspending the writ of habeas corpus and being generally incompetent. The charges of personal bribery and corruption were not supported by the necessary two-thirds vote. Governor Walton refused to present any testimony in his own defence, and his counsel declare that they intend to carry the case to the United States courts.

**LORD ROBERT CECIL**, who is a younger son of the late Marquis of Salisbury and one of the most conspicuous advocates of the League of Nations, has been elevated to the peerage of Great Britain by King George. He has sat in Parliament for seventeen years and was Minister of Blockade in Mr. Lloyd George's cabinet. Our readers will remember his recent visit to this country, when he spoke effectively at various places in behalf of the League of Nations.

**ALTHOUGH** Congress has not as yet provided for a bonus to the soldiers who served in the Great War, at least one half of the men who were enlisted have received or are entitled to receive payments from the states in which they reside. Nineteen states, containing in the aggregate 2,348,655 veterans, have passed bills that

give the soldiers "adjusted compensation" varying from \$100 to \$300. Colorado, Montana and Pennsylvania have passed similar bills to become effective when approved in a popular referendum. It is estimated that \$380,600,000 has already been distributed, besides \$270,000,000 that the government paid as a bonus to the enlisted men at the time of their discharge. The amount of the bonus paid by Great Britain to its soldiers is \$275,910,446. France paid \$373,371,150 and Canada \$147,600,000.

## TO OUR READERS

### BUFFALO HORN

*the new serial story by Frank C. Robertson begins early in 1924. Everyone who remembers Dave and Leander and those knowing horses Brogan and Remorse will want to know what further befell them and their enemy Buffalo Horn. That is what Mr. Robertson tells in his new story, which goes with a rush that will make the reader catch his breath.*

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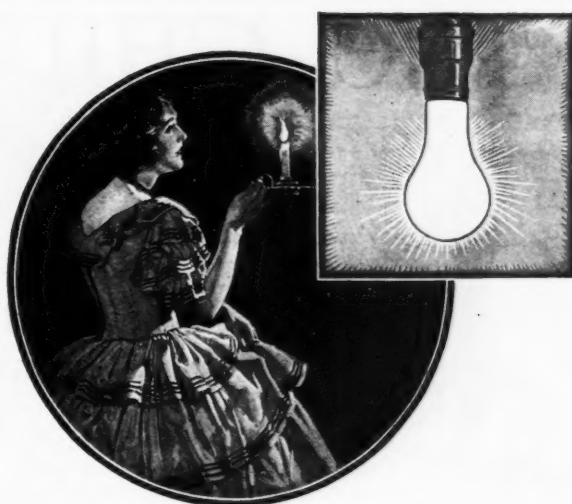
You will be doing us a great favor if you will let us enter your renewal as early as possible in December, for in January comes the great flood of new subscriptions, which of course must be entered at once, and which consequently tax to its utmost the whole clerical force. A renewal blank and some unusually interesting offers that we are making this year to those who renew promptly have been mailed to you. The Companion Home Calendar is a gift to all our renewing subscribers.

PERRY MASON COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

It is announced that General Bruce, who led the expedition that got within some two thousand feet of the summit of Mt. Everest, is to head a second expedition, which hopes to reach the top. Helped by the knowledge that the earlier expedition gained of the geography of the region and of the climatic and other difficulties to be overcome, the present explorers may succeed in the attempt.

**POLITICAL** conditions in Greece have been disturbed ever since the failure of the Greek military campaign in Asia Minor forced King Constantine to abdicate. The monarchy has lost its hold on the people, principally of course because of Constantine's blunders both in diplomacy and in warfare. The present government, itself the result of a revolutionary coup d'état, inclines to establish a republic and has asked King George to consent to being exiled from Greece "until the general situation clears." The King could hardly have done otherwise than agree. Whether he will ever return as King is doubtful, though M. Venizelos, whose influence with the Greek people is of course strong, is reported as standing firm for a constitutional monarchy.

**THE** Sulgrave Institution, an American corporation that already owns and means to preserve the ancestral home of the Washington family at Sulgrave in Northamptonshire, England, has recently bought the ancient cottage at Flore in the same county from which the ancestors of John Adams and John Quincy Adams came to America. The building consists of one story and an attic and has a thatched roof. Twenty-one members of the Adams family are buried in the garden beside it. It is said that from within a radius of ten miles of Sulgrave came the ancestors of four presidents—Washington, the two Adamases and Harding—and also those of Benjamin Franklin, Henry W. Longfellow and William Penn.



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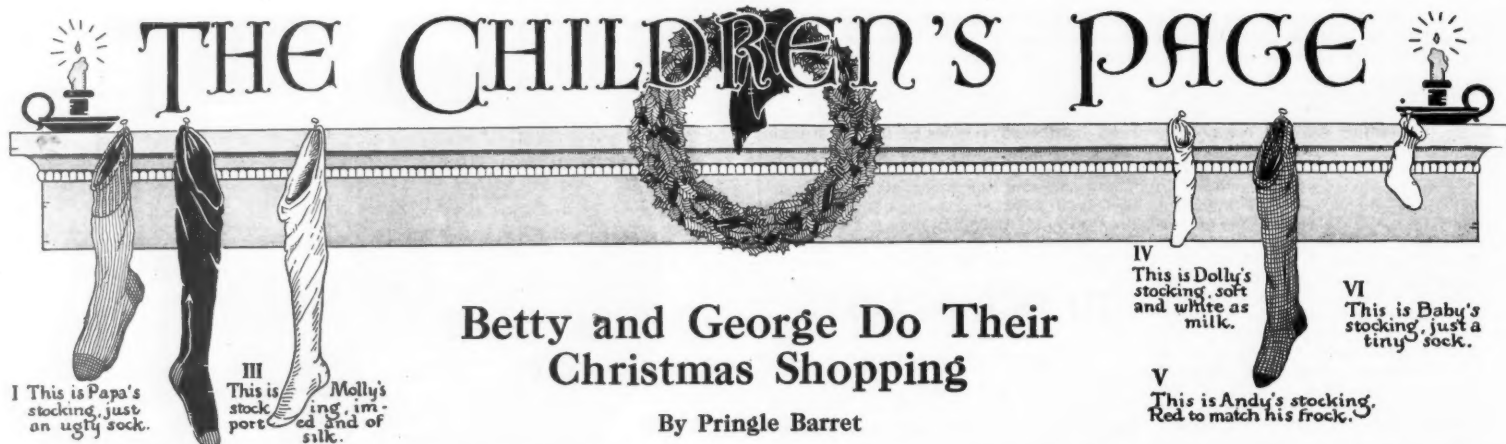
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## Betty and George Do Their Christmas Shopping

By Pringle Barret



NE morning about two weeks before Christmas when the Becker family was at breakfast father turned to little George with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, George, have you done your Christmas shopping yet?" he asked.

George looked as astonished as if he had never heard of Christmas shopping, but all he said was "No, sir."

Father turned to Betty. "Have you?" he asked.

Betty looked even more astonished than George, for she could not say anything; she could only shake her head.

The truth is that Betty and George had never done any Christmas shopping of their own. Mother had always gone with them and helped them to decide what they wished to give; she had always paid for their presents out of her big, brown pocketbook. But that never happened until two or three days before Christmas, because up to that time mother was so busy making mince meat and fruit cake that she did not even think about Christmas shopping.

"Well," said father, "I should think you would want to begin. The stores will soon be so crowded that Christmas shopping won't be any fun. Here is a lucky penny for each of you." And father put his hand into his pocket and took out two beautiful shining coins. One he gave to Betty, and the other one he gave to George.

Betty thought that she had never seen so shiny a penny or one that was quite so large as that one; but not until after breakfast when she was helping mother dust did she find out that it was not a real penny. It was a gold piece, and it was worth five dollars.

George and Betty had not felt so important in all their happy lives before. Think of deciding about Christmas presents all by yourself, and then really buying them

and paying for them with your very own money out of your very own pocketbook!

Of course Betty and George shared all their secrets with each other. Betty knew that George was going to give mother a lovely new sweetgrass basket, and George knew that Betty was going to give father a new gray muffler. It was not hard to keep secrets between themselves. The only hard thing that they had to do was to keep secret the presents that they were to give each other. It would never do for George to know that Betty was going to give him the tool chest that he had looked at so long in the window of Mr. Barnes's store; nor would it do for Betty to know that George was going to give her the doll furniture that she had so

longed for. Once George was afraid that she knew, for she had come suddenly into the room as he was wrapping it up. But just in time he had thought to pretend that he was going to give it to little Jane, their cousin, who lived near them.

"Do you think that Jane would like this?" he had said in a careless offhand way.

"Oh! how could she help it!" Betty had cried, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "It is beautiful."

When the day before Christmas came Betty and George had finished wrapping and tying all their presents, and Betty had given mother the chest of tools to keep, and George had given her the doll furniture. When he told her that Betty believed it was

for Jane, they laughed and laughed, and mother said that it was a good joke.

The children had decided that on Christmas Eve they would take their presents round and deliver them at the different houses where their little friends lived; but after they had gone to a few houses they were not so happy as they had thought they would be.

They stopped outside Jane's house and looked at one another.

"I feel a little sad at growing up," said George, shaking his head. He looked very sad indeed. He looked almost as if he were ready to cry.

"I do too," agreed Betty. "It was so much fun having a big shiny Christmas tree every year." Betty felt almost like crying too.

You see, the Becker children thought that when anyone became old enough to do his Christmas shopping and pay for it all by himself with his own money he was too old for Christmas trees.

"But we mustn't let mother and father know that we feel bad," said George.

"No indeed! It is our turn to make them happy now, and we shall see that they have the best time ever."

And so, talking to each other like that, the little Becker children walked home.

When they opened the door they expected to see father sitting in his big chair by the table reading aloud to mother, but they did not see that at all. Right in the middle of the living room was a big Christmas tree, all shining with little blue and red and green lights. It was the largest Christmas tree that they had ever seen—so tall that it touched the ceiling, and beneath one of its largest branches was a new tool chest for George, and on the other side was a set of doll furniture for Betty. How they clapped their hands and danced up and down and shouted in delight!

Mother and father laughed and laughed and hugged Betty and hugged George and said how happy they were.

"We thought that when you are old enough to buy presents all by yourself—" began George.

"You were too old to have Christmas trees," finished Betty.

"Nonsense," said father, "the older you are the larger tree you have to have."

Then mother and father looked at each other and laughed again. It seemed as if mother never would stop laughing. She said it was because she was so happy.

## A BOY'S RAINY DAY

By Clinton Scollard

Whenever there is lots of rain,  
It fills me with a sense of pain,  
And I feel just like saying things  
I should not say, or taking things  
Resentfully at this or that—  
At Rover dog or Thomas cat.  
I long to have the sun get mad  
And raise a merry row like dad  
When he can't find his golfing cap—  
Swell, and burst out, and flood the map!

When I wish Time's old feet to whizz,  
He's slower than a turtle is;  
The purple morning-glory's cup  
Like grandma's mouth is puckered up;  
There is no bee around to buzz;  
I often wonder what he does  
On days like this. Perhaps the bee  
Is also wondering 'bout me.  
The leaves and eaves all drip and drip  
In sorrowful companionship.  
The tall sunflower blinks at the sky;  
How happy he if he were dry!  
And under the syringa shrub  
Beside a dolly's tiny tub  
As though she roosted on a peg  
A wet hen stands upon one leg.

I know she cannot feel more pain  
Than I do at this sowsly rain!



"I feel a little sad at growing up"

## THE SMILEY CLOWN AND THE LITTLE PIG

By Myrtle Jamison Trachsel

THE day before Christmas Santa Claus was the busiest person in the whole wide world. Early in the morning he pushed his big red aeroplane out into the middle of the big workshop and made ready to fill it with presents for good little boys and girls. Mrs. Santa Claus was there to wrap up bundles, and little Billy Claus and little Milly Claus came running to help.

All along the two sides and one end of the big room were shelves piled high with toys. In the midst of the books, the dolls, the kiddie-cars and the other things that little boys and girls like sat Smiley Clown. He was dressed in a red-and-white striped suit, his face was painted white, his eyebrows were peaked, and he was smiling just as he smiles in the circus parade. Beside him on the wide shelf was a little spotted pig that squealed

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CONTINUING THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

whenever things didn't move quite fast enough to please him.

Santa stood by a table on which letters from little boys and girls were stacked. He opened them one by one and with a big red pencil checked off the things that were wanted.

"A drum and a pair of roller skates," he called when he had read the first letter.

Billy Claus came running with the drum while Milly Claus pulled a small stepladder over to a high shelf and reached for the skates. Mrs. Claus wrapped them both, and Santa put the two presents into a sack with the letter that had the little boy's address marked on it. He tucked the sack away in the bottom of the aeroplane and took up another letter.

"A doll for this little girl, one with sleepy-time eyes," he called. Milly Claus brought a doll, whose brown eyes opened and shut in the most approved manner.

All the afternoon Santa and his helpers worked, but when it was quite dark he tucked in the last bundle and looked round the big work room. The shelves were empty now except for Smiley Clown and the spotted pig.

"Well, now that is too bad," said Santa. "No one has asked for a clown or a spotted pig. You will have to stay there on the shelf until next Christmas, I think."

Then how that spotted pig did squeal! "Wee, wee, wee! I don't want to stay here a whole year. I want to live with some little boy; that is what I was made for. Wee, wee, wee!"

But Smiley Clown kept right on smiling. He had learned that it pays to smile, no matter what happens.

"Santa, take us with you anyway; perhaps you will find some little boy who forgot to write a letter. If you don't, we'll come back and sit on the shelf until next year."

Santa agreed, but the little pig didn't like that. "Wee, wee! I don't want to ride around in the cold all night with nowhere to go. No! no!"

Santa tucked Smiley Clown and the little spotted pig down among the other toys. Then he put on his heavy coat, his cap, his gloves and his goggles and squeezed his fat body into the loaded aeroplane. Mrs. Claus, Billy and Milly Claus opened the big doors at the end of the room. The great "ship" began to move.

"Good-by, good-by," they called. "Don't forget anyone!"

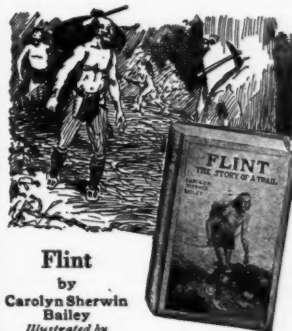
Away went Santa, zing, zing, through the air! But though he went swiftly his great aeroplane made no noise. He did not want to wake the boys and girls who were dreaming about him. From house to house he went, stopping on the roofs and going down the chimney if there was a large fireplace, but landing on the porch roof and going in at the windows if there were only stoves or furnaces in the houses. On he went and on and on. A faint streak of light was showing in the east when he reached the roof of the last house. There was only one sack of bundles left in the aeroplane, but Smiley Clown and little pig were still there. They were sure that they should have to go back to the shelf, but Smiley Clown kept right on smiling, and for once little pig kept quiet.

Santa lifted out the last bundles and read again the letter that was with them: "Dear Santa: Mother needs a new coat, and I need a pair of shoes. If you can bring these I shall not ask for anything to play with. I have my circus wagon."

Inside the house Santa and Smiley Clown and the little spotted pig could see a wagon made from a cracker box. Its wheels were roughly whittled out of boards but its sides were brave with colored pictures cut from a circus poster. The lions in their cages, the marching elephants and the trained bears were all there. Santa took the coat and shoes inside and placed them on a small table, for there were no stockings hanging. When he turned back to the window he found Smiley Clown sitting on the high seat of the circus wagon, looking much at home. Little pig was in the wagon as quiet as a mouse.

"So, so!" chuckled Santa. "I was going to ask if you would like to stay here. Isn't it lucky we kept trying to find a place for you?"

Smiley Clown thought it was very lucky, and he smilingly waved good-by as Santa climbed into his aeroplane and made off for Santa-land. And the little spotted pig didn't squeal any more, because he was happy to think that he was going to belong to a real little boy who would be glad to have him.



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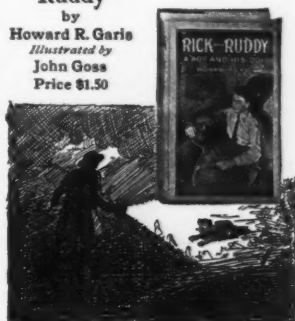
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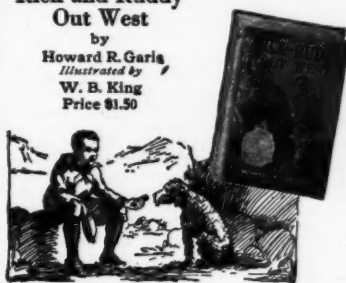
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## DANCING ANGELS

By Margaret Widdemer



*I wish we could have seen them, the ring-a-rosy angels,  
Dancing in their blue-and-scarlet over Bethlehem.  
Some swung their diadems, and some swung their garlands,  
And, oh, they were laughing, laughing all of them!*

*They sang upon the stable roof; they ran to kiss the shepherds;  
They laughed to chase the little satyrs hiding in the corn.  
"Now we can be happy, we can play on earth," the angels sang;  
Earth will be like home in Heaven, now God is come and born!*

*"Joy is come on earth now forever!" sang the angels!  
"It was I who brought the news!" cried laughing Gabriel:  
Only Michael shook his head, grave above his silver sword,  
Bowing down his golden head for things he dare not tell.*

*Oh, they fled soon, they fled sobbing, all the angels,  
Rising thick like startled birds from palace roof and pen,  
Rush of frightened rosy gowns, flight of golden feathers,  
Carrying the Innocents back to Heaven again!*

*Still they have slipped shyly down to bring a word from heaven,  
Gay gifts from their Eden to make earth less ill to bear—  
A silk gown for St. Agnes' need, a viol for Cecilia,  
Or woven pinks of Paradise for young St. Lucy's hair.*

*Still they dance in Heaven's courts, where's no end to laughter,  
Running winged with little St. Hugh to chase his golden ball,  
Bringing to the grave girl-saints the Innocents for mothering,  
Making sad Esaias smile or singing for St. Paul.*

*Still we wait in hope of them, in dream of them, the angels  
Singing of man's peace on earth and God's good will to men,  
Dancing for the rapture of a new day, a glad day—  
Surely some white Christmas-tide will bring them back again!*

*Surely they will come once more, the ring-a-rosy angels,  
Dancing as they danced for joy one night of Bethlehem,  
Swinging their diadems and swinging their censers  
And laughing out for peace on earth, laughing, all of them!*

## THE CROSS ON THE MOUNTAIN

TRAVELERS approaching the town of Harriman in eastern Tennessee are attracted by the sight of an illuminated cross that stands on top of one of the many mountains surrounding that railway centre. The cross is twenty-eight feet high and is lighted by sixty electric lights of fifty candle power—making three thousand candle power in all. It is so placed that you can see it from any of the passenger trains that pass through the town. Moreover, it is visible for ten or twelve miles. The city furnishes the current free, and an automatic switch turns it on every evening.

The idea of placing the beautiful symbol where all might see it originated in the mind of little five-year-old Dan Denny. Having received a small cross to play with one day while visiting at the house of a neighbor, the child hung it in a window and called to his mother to come and see it.

"Why did you put the cross in the window?" asked the mother.

"Because someone might see it and think about Jesus and try to be good," replied the little boy.

His mother was so much impressed with the idea that she spoke of it to her friends and



suggested that a large cross erected at some suitable place might do a great deal of good. The churches of the town took up the matter, and the cross was set on the mountain top.

And so that great shining symbol of sacrificial love stands like a sentinel above the city, and its message seems the more tender and beautiful because it had its birth in the mind of a child.

## PATRICIA

DOROTHY looked up miserably as Patricia entered. Patricia's mouth was grim, and her eyes flashed ominously. "I've come," she announced with dignity, "to find out what's the matter."

"What makes you think anything's the matter?" Dorothy inquired.

"No hedging, Dot. Anyone could feel it all through the meeting. It was about as enthusiastic as an oyster!"

"I don't see why you ask me," continued Dorothy. "Why don't you go to some of the others?"

"I've come to you because I know you'll tell me the truth. Out with it, Dot! Be a sport."

Dorothy caught her breath, and her head lifted. She could not fail Patricia, who also was a sport, a magnificent one!

"It's—you see—you do it all. You swing things so splendidly, Patricia! You do things so much better than any of the rest of us. We all know it and admire you—"

"It didn't seem to me particularly like admiration this afternoon," Patricia interrupted her dryly. "Go on, Dot. Get to the point."

"I'm trying to, dear. Don't you see? Some of the girls feel that it isn't fair not to give them a chance. They'd make mistakes of course—everyone does at first—but that's the only way to learn. They—they'd rather try and blunder than always be treated like children—only permitted to do what you give them."

"But there's got to be a head!" Patricia exclaimed.

"I know. And, O Patricia, they do appreciate all you've done!"

"You mean they want some one else to direct the pageant?"

Dorothy's silence answered for her.

Patricia's face flamed. She started to say something, but she changed her mind abruptly and touched Dorothy's shoulder lightly. "Good sport, Dot!" she said. Then she was gone.

It seemed to Dorothy that never in her life had she dreaded anything as she dreaded the next meeting. She longed to stay away, but the memory of Patricia's words, "Good sport, Dot!" forbade her. As it was she was a trifle late.

Patricia was on her feet, and startled faces showed that something unusual was happening. Patricia's voice was clear and steady:

"I think it will explain things and settle things most easily if I tell the plain truth. I've been selfish and conceited, though I didn't mean to be. There are half a dozen of you who can put this thing through quite as well as I, and you ought to have your turns. No," she added as a quick clamor rose, "I am right; you know I am right! My decision is not to be changed. I'll fill in anywhere I am needed, but I cannot keep the chairmanship. That's all—except that I know whoever takes it is going to achieve big success."

Dorothy's eyes were shining with splendid pride. Her great Patricia!

## A UNIVERSAL GENIUS

A TRUE genius, it has been said, is always a universal genius. That is, there are latent in him qualities and powers that would make him distinguished in any calling. Certainly that was true of Rodin, the famous French sculptor. No one, writes Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici in the Cornhill Magazine, could have shown greater versatility or more complete catholicity of taste and sympathies than he.

He painted with extreme vigor and frankness. Indeed, some of the landscapes that I found lying about in odd corners at the Villa des Brillants struck me as being so beautiful that I persuaded him to have them framed and preserved—an idea that apparently had not occurred to him before. His literary tastes were pronounced, and he was a good and forcible speaker. In music, moreover, he also had the most cultivated and fastidious taste and counted many friends among the prominent musicians of his day. True, his views on music were a trifle old-fashioned, and he preferred to hear his friend and biographer, Mlle. Cladel, play Palestrina or Mozart to him on the valuable old spinet that stood in the studio at Meudon rather than listen to the best modern professionals playing modern music; but he always discussed music with profound understanding, and he held strong views on the use of music in education. Indeed, it was largely his love of music that caused him sometimes to speak, if not bitterly, at least unflatteringly, about his great contemporary McNeill Whistler. Rodin could hardly control himself when speaking about Whistler's "eternal gramophone." Personally I was always convinced that there was not much love lost between the two men, but I should not go so far as to suggest that Whistler started his gramophone

purposely to annoy Rodin, whenever Rodin visited him, although that is what Rodin suspected.

Behind his horror of the gramophone, however, there was something deeper than the mere prejudice of a cultivated musician, and that was his instinctive loathing of everything that typified the alleged "progress" of Western civilization. He constantly expressed his delight at the thought that he might not live long enough to witness the complete development of the aeroplane, and whenever one of the machines hovered above the Villa des Brillants, as they frequently did, owing to the close vicinity of the Versailles aerodrome, the sight of it always depressed him.

"Our last remaining peaceful view," he used to exclaim, "will vanish with these aerial monsters!"

He also hated the automobile and all its concomitant evils. Quite apart from its interference with peaceful pedestrianism in rural districts, which he deplored, he made this remarkable prophecy concerning it—a prophecy that possibly we are feeling the truth of in England today; namely, that the oil and the smells emitted everywhere by motor cars would ultimately modify insect life in Europe and probably would kill the bee industry by terrifying the bees, whose artists in scent, into complete inaction. Although he was sufficiently well off to keep a car, he resolutely refused to buy one and was content to drive along the local country lanes and about the Bois de Meudon in his own victoria, drawn by a quiet old horse that in its old hours could pose for him as steadily as an antique sculpture.

## LINCOLN ROCK

A READER who has been interested in pictures of profile rocks to be found in various parts of the country sends us this view of Lincoln Rock, near Waterville, Washington. Seen from the Sunset Highway across the Columbia River, the rock, he says, is more like the profile of Lincoln than the photograph shows.



Not only the profile but the outline of the back of the head is suggested

## OUR WIRELESS

BOWLBY, says a contributor to Punch, is a very competent man. In Bowlby's house the plumber is not known; the fitting of new washers is child's play to him; broken window sashes are the spice of his life, and of course he is the local wireless expert.

He came in the other evening. "Just been listening to a splendid concert," he said; "Clara Butt, Cortot and an address on the knife-grinding dispute. First-rate stuff."

"In the town hall?" asked Monica in her innocence.

"Why, no; on the wireless of course. Mean to say you can't get Copenhagen?"

Our blank faces betrayed our ghastly secret.

"London was rotten today—oscillations. How did you find it?"

The completeness of our guilt slowly dawned on him. "Mean to say you haven't got a set at all?"

He regarded us as a sergeant at kit inspection regards a soldier with no tooth brush. There was no denying the fact; we hadn't.

My brother George opened for the defense. "A man in the city told me the other day that wireless sets would be much cheaper in a few months."

"Cheaper? Mine cost me one-and-sixpence all told, bar the telephones; made it out of an old piano and a couple of cotton reels."

"We haven't got an old piano," Monica put in weakly.

"Get the aerial up first," went on Bowlby. "Chimney to chimney's the best way. No kinks of course. Water pipe's the best earth. Solder all joints. I'm going round to the Thompsons' now; they've been getting bowls—loose connections probably. I'll drop in on Sunday and have a look at your aerial. So long."

We did the aerial on Saturday afternoon. As far as appearances went it was a very good aerial. We also made an earth—a very good earth in its way, though it rather interfered with the bathroom taps.

We had all caught the fever of the thing by then. George talked weightily of atmospherics and leakages. Monica devised a style of coiffure that left the ears uncovered and would not be disarranged by head telephones. I laid in a stock of literature on the subject.

Bowlby came in Sunday morning. He immediately detected my books. "Scrap those," he said after a single glance. "Above your head. No good either."

I scrapped them, humbled.

Then he inspected the aerial. "Scrap that," he said. "Not directional."

We scrapped it and incidentally three bricks as well.

He looked at the earth. "Scrap that," he said. "Tap not cleaned. Get a file and scrape it."

Monica managed cleverly to anticipate him

by escaping into her room and rearranging her hair in her usual style.

Then Bowlby became constructive, and under his directions we made a new aerial and a new earth (if not a new heaven). Monday we bought more and better books and a pair of the only kind of head telephones that Bowlby would give "tuppence" for (incidentally we gave a matter of thirty shillings). We bought about a mile of wire. We also bought a variety of expensive "gadgets." We might have bought several old pianos with the money, but that idea only occurred to us afterwards. We abandoned all notion of a summer holiday.

Eventually everything was in readiness. Bowlby gave us full instructions and departed to grapple with renewed howling at the Thompsons'.

George made the necessary adjustments and donned the telephones. A delighted expression overspread his face. Holding up a hand for silence, he listened for a full minute. "Marvelous!" he said. "Home, Sweet Home as clear as a bell. Come and listen, Monica."

He doffed the telephones. Then his expression slowly changed. There was a tenge moment. "I am now going to commit two murders," he announced grimly. "First the organ-grinder who is playing Home, Sweet Home on the pavement outside. Then Bowlby."

He walked moodily out.

## WHAT IS A HOLE?

THOUGH the Eskimo language is polysynthetic and agglutinative, it has a key—something you would hardly expect of a language that is described by two such awe-inspiring words. The key is "Kanok atinga?" which means "What is its name?" With it you can learn the Eskimo names for all material objects, but, if you use it to inquire about a nonmaterial thing like a hole, you may—if we can judge from an experience that Mr. Donald B. MacMillan relates in the World's Work—find yourself in difficulties.

I discovered one night, says the arctic explorer, that the rising heat from our oil stove had melted a hole through the roof of our snow house. Pointing to the hole, I inquired, "Kanok atinga?"

One of the girls promptly replied, "Oop-sha-sul-nee-eye."

I jotted it down immediately in my notebook, spelling it phonetically, and wrote after it the word "hole."

A few days later I happened to tear the knee of my bear skin pants on the corner of an iron-strapped biscuit box. Embodying my newly learned word in the sentence, I requested Toocum-ah, one of the girls, to get her needle and sew up the hole in my pants. She burst out laughing, and so did the other girl.

Finally after I had repeatedly inquired the cause of their merriment one ventured to reply: "You asked me to take my needle and thread and sew up the snow hole in the roof of your pants!"

"What do you call such a hole?"

"Keed-la."

"What is a hole in the ground?"

"Poo-too."

"What is a hole in ice?"

"That is another word."

"What is a hole in ivory?"

"That is another word."

"What is a hole in iron?"

"That is another word."

"Now listen," I said. "I do not want any of these words; I want to know the simple word for hole."

She was thoughtful for a moment and then replied: "There isn't any such thing. If it is a hole, it is a hole in something, or it wouldn't be a hole!"

## DUMPLINGS BY IMPERIAL DECREE

UNHAPPY Austria has too recently emerged from the dread shadow of famine for any Austrian not utterly callous or frivolous to regard wholesome food of any kind with contempt. But it was not always so. Nearly a hundred years ago when tourists from America were rare—so we learn from the Reminiscences of an Idler—an American visiting Vienna found everyone laughing at the latest whim of the Emperor Ferdinand, who was an amiable and thick-witted monarch, deeply interested in petty and personal matters and not in the least interested in large and national affairs.

Hunting not long before in the Styrian mountains, Ferdinand and his attendants were overtaken by a violent thunderstorm and found refuge in the nearest farmhouse, the occupants of which were about to dine. The good-natured emperor ordered them to proceed with their meal, and presently, sniffing the savory odor of a smoking dish of dumplings that the housewife had just set upon the table, he announced that he should like to taste one. They were made of coarse flour dropped in a vegetable broth, but they were well-flavored,

hot and feathery light; and when the proud farmer's wife served him he not only ate his trial dumpling with gusto but passed his plate for another and yet another. In fact his equerries and courtiers had never seen him display such an appetite. That was all very well as part of a passing adventure, but when on returning to the palace he ordered the cooks to produce the same sort of dumplings daily as a regular part of the imperial dinner there was wide-spread dismay. The empress was mortified; the courtiers were shocked; the cooks were indignant; the grand chamberlain remonstrated; and the court physician was induced to declare that dumplings were ruinous to any except peasant digestions and must be given up. But to the general astonishment the emperor, who usually was docile and easy-going, absolutely refused to surrender his new fancy. He grew angry—furious—apoplectic—imperial! He brought down his fist with a bang and cried:

"Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!" Naturally he had his dumplings. But the phrase became a common by-word. Any one who insisted upon a silly whim of any kind was sure to hear some one quote mockingly for his benefit, "Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!"

Ferdinand was not the only emperor who was partial to plebeian foods; Napoleon I delighted in onion soup, and Napoleon II many times drove his *chef* to the verge of resigning his position by demanding that boiled cabbage be served with partridge. The French emperors, however, concerned themselves with many other matters quite outside the range of palace and kitchen. It might have been as well for the world if they had stuck to dumplings.



#### THE WISDOM OF THE ELEPHANT

THE real test of animal intelligence, according to Mr. Samuel A. Derieux in the American Magazine, is the ability to meet an unforeseen difficulty, to grapple with a situation for which neither training nor instinct has prepared. Here is a good example:

A traveler by the name of Tenant was once riding horseback along a road in India, on both sides of which grew a dense jungle. Suddenly his horse shied violently, and Mr. Tenant saw coming toward him a huge elephant unattended and balancing on his tusks a heavy timber that he was evidently carrying from a sawmill to the shipyards. The timber filled the road from side to side, and Mr. Tenant could not possibly pass.

Suddenly the elephant, seeing horse and rider, stopped and turned sidewise. Then he backed a short distance into the jungle and, leaving room for horse and rider to pass, snorted out his directions that they should go on. But a horse is terribly afraid of an elephant, and Mr. Tenant's horse continued to rear and plunge; the man himself, interested to see what would happen next, did not force him to pass.

Deeper and deeper into the jungle the elephant backed; still the horse reared and plunged. At last the elephant laid the piece of timber down and, pushing hard against the undergrowth, disappeared. Then Mr. Tenant rode past.

A short distance down the road he reined in and looked back. The elephant came out of the jungle, picked up the timber with his tusks, balanced it with his trunk and, turning it round in the road, went on his way with loud snorts of indignation and disgust.



#### WHEN TENNYSON WAS TAKEN FOR A FOOL

THERE is an amusing story about Lord Tennyson, long the poet laureate of England, that owes its point to the poet's ignorance of French and to his brother Frederick's uneasy command of that language.

The brothers, says the San Francisco Argonaut, were enjoying a holiday together in Paris. Coming down before Alfred one morning, Frederick, who did not want the fire to go out, said to a waiter, "*Prenez garde de ne pas laisser sortir le feu.*" But with his English accent *feu* became *fou*, which means fool.

When Alfred sauntered downstairs later the waiters did their best to follow the queerly-worded order. The eccentric appearance and manners of the poet had predisposed the establishment to regard him as a lunatic, and here was crowning proof in the order of his keeper! Alfred stormed and raged, but they would not let him go out till his brother returned.



#### HE MIGHT HAVE WON WITH A QUARTER

THE waiter, says the Argonaut, has been very attentive throughout the luncheon, the more so as the two guests looked prosperous. The check was three dollars and forty cents, and the host laid a five-dollar bill on the tray. The waiter returned hopefully with a dollar bill, a fifty-cent piece and a dime. He saw the bill pocketed and then watched the fifty-cent piece go the same way.

Sadly he picked up his dime, but the negro is above all else a fatalist. "Boss," he said "I gambled, and I lost."



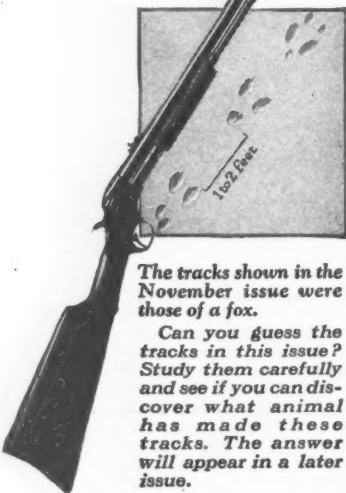
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### MR. PEASLEE'S HORSE

DEACON HYNE and Caleb Peaslee were leaning their chins on the barnyard fence, surveying Caleb's hens; the deacon pointed to one. "That's a kind of pindling-lookin' chicken over there, Kellup," he observed critically. "I don't believe I'd try to raise it if it was mine."

Caleb regarded the fowl with his accustomed placidity. "It may never be a hen that it'd pay to carry to the fair," he agreed, "but it's healthy and pert 'nough, so I guess I'll keep it a spell longer anyway. Kind of puts me in mind of a hoss I come to own once; mebbe the chicken'll pay as well, 'cording to, as that hoss did."

"Humph!" remarked the deacon and committed himself no further.

"I got the hoss on a small debt that was owin' me from a man named Ozem Dexter," Caleb went on, "and when I took it I jealoused I'd got stuck more'n a good half of the debt, and it was only twenty dollars in all. But Ozem was goin' to leave town and get work at his trade in the city, and he hadn't any other means of payin' me; so I agreed to take it and call the debt paid."

"I hadn't ever seen the hoss to take any notice of him, and Ozem brought him over and stood him into my barn after dark, the night 'fore he started for the city. When I got out to the barn and got a square look at the critter in the daylight, as I say, I made up my mind I'd done myself out of ten dollars by agreein' to call Ozem square with me. But he was gone, and I had the hoss, so I made the best of it."

"In the course of two-three weeks I'd fed him up so's't the hair on him p'inted somewhere near the same way, and he'd got so his ribs didn't show plain'r'n his legs did—not that he was any gre't sight to look at even then. But he did look some like a hoss and less like a crow bait."

"My wife poked more or less fun at me over my 'drivin' hoss,' as she called him 'count of me already havin' a pair of work hosses to do the farm work with. But I kept my tongue to myself and said nothin'; and as for that, there wa'n't much I could say jestifiably."

"I'd had the runt hoss mebbe five weeks and he was gettin' 'nough life and ginger into him so I felt I had to lead him out on the halter every day and let him roll and frisk a mite when I got a new man to come to work for me through the fall months. He was a feller I didn't know anything about, except he come well 'nough recommended; but I was put to it for help, so I hired him. And one of the fust things I charged him with was to shet down the cover of the grain bin every time he fed the critters!"

"Well, one night I'd got comf'tably abed and was near ready to go to sleep when I heard an uproar out in the barn—kicks and squeals and the sound of hosses movin' round; 'nough to make me get ready and go out to the barn sprier'n I'd any right to move. And when I got there I found both of my work hosses loose in the barn floor, with the cover of the grain bin laid wide open and a hole in the meal bin that showed me they'd eat the better part of a bushel apiece of that dry meal! One of 'em had the gripes so that he was down on the floor, rollin' and kickin' with the pain, and it didn't need more'n one look to tell me it was goin' to take some sharp work to save him!"

"My wife had follered me out and was askin' what she could do to be of help; so I says, 'There's jest one thing—you've got to take that other hoss and get Doc Maddox—he was the vet'nary.' 'Get him here jest as quick as you can!' I wish," says I, 'that I had a better hoss for you than that runt, for time presses, but I ain't; you'll have to shove him along the best you can!' And by that time I had the harness onto the runt and him hitched into the buggy; and when I hit him a slap with my hand he went out the barn on two legs and turned the corner so quick he shaved the gatepost!"

"It's near four miles over to the doctor's, and I'd made up my mind it wouldn't be less'n an hour—mebbe more—'fore he could get to me; so you can b'lieve I was s'prised to look up and see my wife whirli into the yard with the doc on the seat with her not a minute over forty minutes from the time she started. The doc didn't waste any time gettin' to work, and I didn't pester him with any questions right then. I stood by and did what he told me to till he finished up. Then I asked how he got there so quick."

"Well," he says, kind of laughin', 'that's quite a hoss of yours that your wife drives, ain't it? What I mean,' he says, 'is that hoss come the four miles over after me, and when I jumped in he whirled the buggy at a word from Mis' Peaslee and tore four miles as easy as I've been hauled in a buggy for many a day! And he come in on the bit, too,' says he, 'jest as if he'd only been drove a mile 'stead of in the neighborhood of nine miles—with hills in 'em too! Quite a hoss,' says he, 'and when you think of gettin' rid of him I wish you'd let me know.'

"I was so took back that for a minute I didn't get speech 'nough to make answer, but my wife did. 'He ain't thinkin' of gettin' rid of him,' says she. 'That's my drivin' hoss, and I've been out and fed him his hay myself, and bimeby when he gets cooled a mite I'm goin' to give him his grain. I'd rather tend him myself than to trust a man. I know then he's tied up solid, so he can't eat himself sick on grain!' she says."

"And that ended it. She kep' the hoss, claimin' she had a right to, secin' she and the hoss had saved me better'n four hundred dollars that night. And I couldn't gainsay that either."



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## LITTLE DENG'S BAD FALL

THE elephant train was moving up a narrow trail along the vast Indian mountain side; the forest stretched steeply away above and below. Master Chom, one of the baby elephants, crowded up alongside his friend Deng and pushed him playfully over the edge of the trail; Deng went bounding and sliding down hundreds of feet through the small trees. His mother came rushing up from the rear of the line and looked down for one moment at her offspring far below whimpering sadly; then, putting her forelegs out straight in front and getting on her hind knees, she went over the edge and down into the depths.

She got down without injury, though at times she seemed to be taking the whole mountain side with her. Presently as the dust subsided somewhat, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, we could see her working patiently toward the goal, building a sure foothold for each foot until at last she was standing on a firm platform of well-trodden earth and undergrowth within reach of the whimpering Deng, who soon stopped his complaints when he felt his mother's trunk caressing him. And then all of us, men and elephants in a long line on the narrow track looking down into the dark foliage with its splashes of sunlight here and there, watched a wonderful thing. The mother elephant caressed the little creature all over, cleared off the saplings and branches that were in his way and then slowly and grumblingly tried to get him upright. It was a difficult job, and now and then poor Deng would start whimpering again. But at last he was sitting up facing our mountain side and trembling as a frightened elephant does. For a while the mother caressed and coaxed him with that loving trunk of hers; then he twined his own little trunk around it as if saying, "Thanks, mummy, I'm better now."

Then came the most difficult part of the mother elephant's undertaking, the climb to the path overhead. Deng's mother deliberately put her huge forehead under the little fellow's hind legs and with short frantic pushes shoved him up the mountain side. Deng struggled to his feet and now and then would nearly fall over to one side or the other; but always the broad forehead was there to hold him, and now and then that kind trunk would go all over his little body again, and each time he would grow calmer and would be game for another struggle upward.

I don't know how long it took; it seemed like an hour. Often I thought they would both lose their footing and go rolling away together. At last they stood once more on the track, both bathed in sweat and panting like two huge locomotives. And then I admired the understanding of our mahouts. "We will go on," they said, "and leave them to be together for a little."

## A COLONIAL CALENDAR

IN the days when calendars were not known, writes a contributor, people had a clever way of finding the day of any fixed anniversary. My grandfather, who was born in the year 1804, taught it to me in my childhood. The only fact that you had to know was the day of the week on which the New Year came. A key sentence of twelve words was used in which one word stood for each of the twelve months. The sentence was: "At Dover dwelt George Brown, Esquire, good Christopher Finch and David Friar."

Take for example the Fourth of July. As July is the seventh month, take the first letter of the seventh word of the key sentence; that is, g. G is also the seventh letter of the alphabet; so begin with Monday, the known New Year's Day, and count seven days. Thus Sunday will be found to be the first day of July, and the Fourth will be the following Wednesday.

Another illustration: to find the day of the week of a birthday falling on the 7th of May. As May is the fifth month, take the first letter of the corresponding fifth word of the key sentence; that is, b. B is also the second letter of the alphabet; so begin with Monday, the known New Year's Day, and count two days. Thus Tuesday will be found to be the first day of May, and the birthday will be the following Monday.

## SUNSET AND WILD TURKEYS

UNLIKE the sportsman with a gun, the man who "hunts" with his eyes alone is never disappointed. Mr. Archibald Rutledge, writing in Field and Stream, gives this pleasing description of a pretty and unusual sight that he once saw:

I was walking down a trout stream one October afternoon when the sun was low. On either side the laurel and rhododendron bushes so overhung the water that further progress was difficult, and I had almost given up trying and was stepping from a stone to the shore, when I saw an unnatural sheen coming from some object thirty yards downstream. Crouching on the rocks, I peered through the laurels. There, lining either side of the stream and taking their sundown drink, were thirty-two wild turkeys! I could count them readily. They drank in peace and departed in peace, for I never showed myself.

One such glimpse of wild life as that is worth many a day of effort. You can remember such a picture with pleasure long after you have forgotten things that are far more "important."

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This is what I want"**

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### PYORRHEA

THE full name of pyorrhea, or Rigg's disease, is pyorrhea alveolaris and means the flowing of pus from the tooth sockets or from the overlapping edges of the gums encircling the teeth. The disease is the result of chronic inflammation of the periosteum, or membrane lining the tooth sockets. It occurs as a rule only toward middle age or after it and is common in persons with gouty or rheumatic tendency.

Whether it is the result or the cause of the rheumatic taint is a question. Those who believe that it is the cause say that the slow inflammatory process in the tooth sockets forms a focus, or breeding place, of germs, from which a continuous discharge of the germs and their poisonous products passes into the blood. Those who believe that pyorrhea is the result of rheumatism assert that the rheumatic or gouty constitution reduces the resistant power of the organism, and that therefore the germs that are always present in greater or less numbers in the mouth find there suitable conditions in which to grow and to multiply. Further, the spongy condition of the gums that the gouty state induces may facilitate their entrance into the tooth sockets.

The germs gain entrance more readily also in the sockets of the teeth that have become loose as a result of the extraction of opposing teeth in the other jaw. Many physicians believe also that capping teeth, especially devitalized teeth, favors inflammation in the sockets. The germs present may be pus-forming bacteria, or amebas, similar to those that cause dysentery. Whether the pyorrhea acts as a focus of disease or not, it is certain that systemic trouble is less commonly associated with it when there is a free discharge of pus. For that reason the older method of treatment, toning up the gums so that they can grasp the teeth more firmly and seal up the discharge, is inadvisable until the inflammation within the sockets is healed.

Besides the possible danger of systemic poisoning long-continued pyorrhea will cause the teeth to loosen and fall out. The diagnosis of pyorrhea can usually be made by an X-ray examination. In the amebic form of pyorrhea the use of ipecac internally and as a mouth wash may give relief. The other form, and in many cases the amebic form also, calls for thorough local treatment by the dentist.

### AMERICANS WHO ATE COW FODDER

IN a description of an idling canoe trip through the canals and rivers of northern France Mr. Melville Chater tells in the National Geographic Magazine some amusing experiences that he had with the people on the banks.

For five more days, he writes, we paddled along the hundred-kilometer stretch of stream that unfurls itself ribbon-like among the wind-mill-topped slopes between Redon and Nantes.

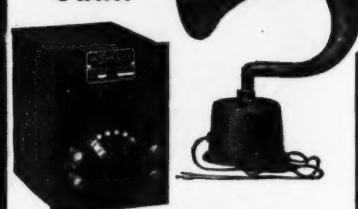
We found that the countryside still remembered the passage of American troops in 1918—that they had swum in the canal, had given the children little packets of chewing gum, and had been strangely delighted to get a chance to eat cow fodder. The last detail was related to us by a farmer, who added:

"Most vigorous young men those, m'sieu! Wonderful teeth, wonderful stomachs! How they could ever digest that stuff was the wonder of the countryside." And he pointed to one of those fine fields of Indian corn, which in France is cultivated exclusively as food for cattle.

"Why, that's easy," we said; "all Americans eat that." And we described the manner of preparing and eating an ear of corn.

Suddenly a light broke on the listener's face. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I understand! Then one doesn't eat it cob and all, like the cow. One just picks at it, as if it were an artichoke, n'est-ce pas?"

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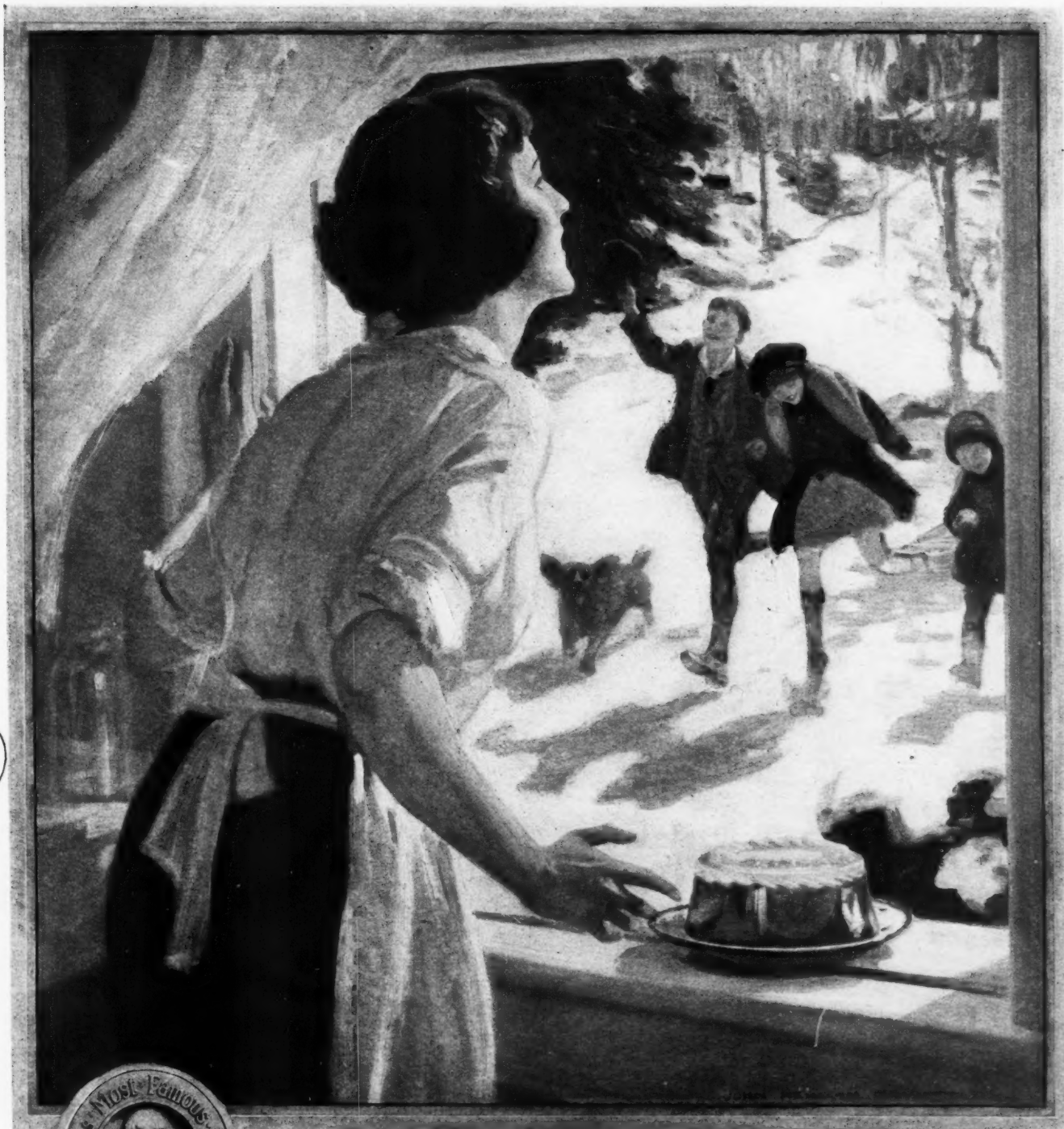
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